

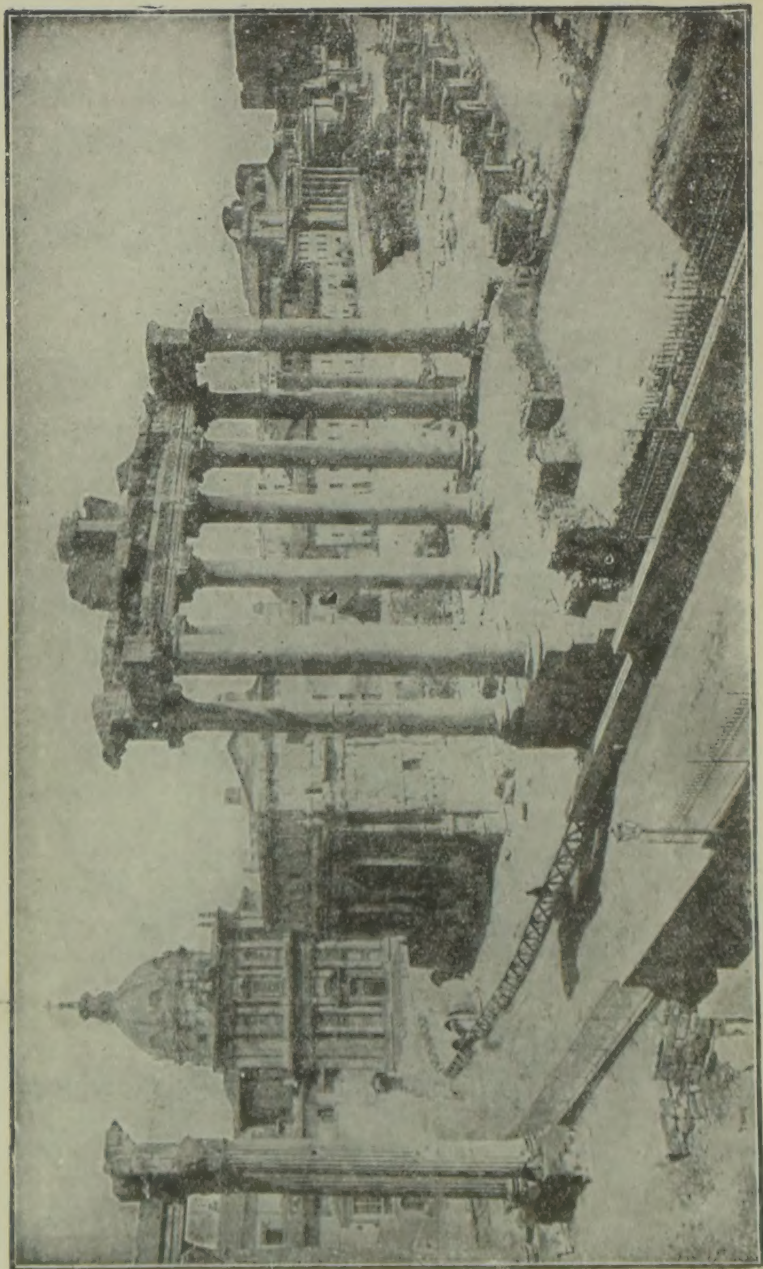
SHAKESPEARE

JULIUS
CAESAR



STEVENSON

ARMSTRONG HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY



THE ROMAN FORUM.

The Copp Clark Literature Series

No. 2

SHAKESPEARE'S
JULIUS CÆSAR

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY

O. J. STEVENSON, M.A., D.PAED.

Professor of English, Ontario Agricultural College

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

HILDA HECHLE, R.B.A.

THE COPP CLARK CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

Copyright, Canada, 1915, by THE COPP CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED,
Toronto, Ontario

CONTENTS

THE ROMAN FORUM (<i>Frontispiece</i>).	
THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE	vii
THE THEATRE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME	viii
THE METRE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS	ix
DATE; SOURCES OF THE PLOT	xi
TITLE; STRUCTURE; SOURCES OF INTEREST	xii
IMPORTANT CHARACTERS	xiv
HISTORICAL BACKGROUND	xix
BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINES	xxi
TIME ANALYSIS	xxiii
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ	xxiv
TEXT OF JULIUS CÆSAR	1
NOTES ON JULIUS CÆSAR	91
SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION	129
STAGING A PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE	<i>See End of Book</i>

INTRODUCTION

The Life of Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on April 23rd, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was, in early life, a prosperous citizen of Stratford; his mother, Mary Arden, was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Warwickshire. Between the ages of seven and fourteen, Shakespeare probably attended the Stratford Grammar School, where, among other things, he received some training in Latin. In the year 1582, before he was nineteen years of age, he married Anne Hathaway, of Shottery, a woman who was some eight years his senior. Two of their children, Susanna and Judith, married, but only one of Shakespeare's grand-children reached maturity, and with her death in 1669 or 1670 the poet's family became extinct.

About the year 1586, Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London, where he appears to have obtained employment in some capacity in connection with the London theatres. About 1588 he began mending over old plays, and in 1590 he probably wrote his first original drama. During the next twenty years from 1590 to 1610, he produced play after play, and there is abundant evidence to show the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. In 1594 he was a member of the Earl of Leicester's Company of Players. When the Globe theatre was built in 1599, Shakespeare was one of the chief shareholders, and most of his plays were acted in this theatre.

In the meantime he had begun to acquire property in Stratford. In 1597 he had purchased the fine residence known as New Place, and from this time forward he appears to have looked more and more to Stratford as his home. About the year 1610 or 1611, he left London and returned to Stratford with the apparent intention of living in ease and retirement on the competence which he had accumulated. A few years later, however, his health failed, and he died in April, 1616, in his fifty-second year. He was buried in the chancel of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Stratford.

Shakespeare's literary career is generally, for the sake of convenience, divided into four periods, according to the character of the plays which he produced:

(a) 1588-1594. This is largely a period of apprenticeship. To this period belong, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Richard III.*, and possibly *Romeo and Juliet*.

(b) 1594-1600. During this period most of the great comedies and the English historical plays were produced. To this period belong, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.*

(c) 1600-1606. During this period most of the great tragedies were produced. To this period belong *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth*.

(d) 1606-1612. This is a period of later tragedy and of serious comedy. To this period belong, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale*.

Shakespeare himself took no pains to preserve his plays in permanent form. In all only fifteen of his plays were printed during his lifetime. In 1623, however, seven years after his death, a complete collection of his plays, thirty-six in all, were published in what is known as *The Folio of 1623*.

Note. — A folio page is about the size of an ordinary page of foolscap (about 13" x 8½"), formed by folding the printer's sheet of paper once. When the printer's sheet is divided into four parts, the size of page is known as *quarto*; when divided into eight parts it is *octavo*; when divided into twelve parts it is *duodecimo*. The plays which were printed during Shakespeare's lifetime were published in quarto volumes, as distinguished from the later folios.

The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time.

The first theatre in London was built in 1576, and was known as *The Theatre*. Both this and other theatres which followed, *The Curtain*, *The Globe*, *Blackfriars*, and others, were built outside the city limits in order to escape the restrictions which were placed on the theatre by the Puritans. Most of the theatres were frame structures which were open to the sky, the only roofed part being the stage, or, at most, the raised seats next the walls. The better class of people occupied seats in the boxes overlooking the stage, or sat on stools or reclined on the rushes on the floor of the stage itself. The floor of the pit was merely hard earth, and it was not provided with seats. The admission to the pit was only a penny, and here the rabble crowded together, jostled each other, cracked nuts, ate apples, and laughed and joked and made sport of the actors.

The performance of the play began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and usually lasted two or three hours. The stage was hung

with black to indicate tragedy, and with blue to indicate comedy. There was no curtain to mark the opening and closing of the scenes, and beyond a few simple articles of furniture, no scenery of any account was used. At the back of the stage was a sort of gallery or balcony, which served the purpose of an upper room, or any place which was raised above the level of the ordinary scene. A change of place was indicated by a board with the name painted on it, as, London, Venice, Rome, Sardis. A light blue flag was used to indicate a day scene,—a dark flag to indicate a night scene. The women's parts in the play were acted by boys, and women did not appear even among the audience unless they wore masks. It was not until after the Restoration, that movable stage scenery was introduced, and that female parts were acted by women.

The Metre of Shakespeare's Plays.

The plays of Shakespeare are written in blank verse, that is, verse in which the lines do not rhyme. Each line contains five feet, consisting of two syllables each, with the accent falling on the second syllable. This measure is known as *iambic pentameter*.

When we mark the divisions between feet and indicate the accents in a line of poetry, we are said to *scan* it. Where the metre is perfectly regular, the scansion presents no difficulty; but very frequently the poet finds it necessary to vary his metre, either for the sake of avoiding monotony or for the purpose of producing certain special effects. The following are the most important of the variations which occur in the metre of Shakespeare:

(a) Sometimes, especially after a pause, the accent falls upon the first syllable instead of the second, as, for example:

Wo'e to / the ha'nd / that sh'ed / this co'st/ly blo'od!

What ju'dg/ment sh'all / I dre'ad, / d'oi'ng / no wro'ng?

(b) An extra syllable is frequently added, especially at the end of a line, as, for example:

Art th'ou / some g'od, / some a'n/gel o'r / some de'v/il?

It dr'op/peth a's / the ge'n,tle ra'in / from he'av,en.

(c) Sometimes a foot contains two unaccented syllables, as, for example, in the following lines:

I am ne'v/er m'er/ry wh'en / I he'ar / sweet m'u sic;

Let me s'ee, / let me s'ee, / was n'ot / the lea'f / turn'd dow'n?

In many cases, however, one of the unaccented syllables is elided, or slurred over in reading, as, for example, in the following:

Canst tho'u / not m'in / (i)ster t'o / a mi'nd / dis'e'ased?
 We'll se'nd / Mark A'n t(o)ny t'o / the Se'n / ate-ho'use.
 Macb'eth / doth m'urder sle'ep, / the i'n / n(o)cent sl'ee'p.

(d) Certain groups of letters which are now pronounced as one syllable, are sometimes pronounced as two syllables in Shakespeare, as, for example, in the following:

The noble Brutus

Hath to'ld / you C'a'es ar wa's / amb'it i-o'us.
 Misli'ke / me n'ot / for m'y / comple'x/i-o'n

(e) It frequently happens that among the accented syllables in a line of poetry some have a stronger stress than others; and in order to scan a line, it is sometimes necessary to accent words which according to the sense have no stress, as, for example, in the case of the italicized words in the following:

Throw phy's ic to' the do'gs; / I'll no'ne / of i't!
 There i's / a ti'de / in th'e / affa'irs / of me'n.

Rhyme is used by Shakespeare chiefly for the purpose of giving emphasis to those lines in which the speaker expresses a purpose or decision, and it very frequently marks the close of a scene. Shakespeare used rhyme much more freely in his earlier than in his later plays.

Prose. Shakespeare makes use of prose in his plays wherever the characters belong to a lower level of society, as, for example, the citizens in *Julius Cæsar*, the porter in *Macbeth*, and Lancelot Gobbo, the clown, in *The Merchant of Venice*. Prose is also used in letters, as, for example, that of Bellario in *The Merchant of Venice*, and for rhetorical speeches, as in the case of the paper of Artemidorus and the oration of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*. Sometimes also, prose is used for the purpose of producing a special dramatic effect, as in the case of Cassa's assumed bluntness of manner in *Julius Cæsar*; and in the scene in *The Merchant of Venice* where Shylock is "tortured" by Tubal; and in the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*.



JULIUS CÆSAR

Date of the Play.

Julius Cæsar was probably written in the year 1600, as practically all the evidence points to that date. It was first published in what is known as the *Folio* of 1623.

Sources of the Plot.

Shakespeare obtained his material for *Julius Cæsar* from Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony, which was published in 1595. On the whole, Shakespeare followed Plutarch's story very closely, departing from the original only where necessary for dramatic effect.

The Title of the Play.

Although the most important character in the play of *Julius Cæsar* is not Cæsar himself, but Brutus, it is generally agreed that the title *Julius Cæsar* is more appropriate than the title *Brutus* would have been. It is the assassination of Cæsar that supplies the motive for the play, and although the death of Cæsar takes place before the middle of the play is reached, yet his spirit dominates the play as a whole. It is Cæsar, whether living or dead, that represents the spirit of the times against which Brutus and his fellow-conspirators struggle in vain.

Julius Cæsar as a Tragedy.

The tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* lies not in the death of Cæsar, but in the failure of Brutus and Cassius to adapt themselves to the conditions in which they find themselves. Cassius fails, not because he is impractical, but because he is carried away by his prejudice against Cæsar, and because he allows his friendship for Brutus to overrule his better judgment. Brutus fails because he is an idealist, who is unable to understand the conditions of his time, and because he lacks the practical judgment which is essential to a successful leader of men.

The Structure of the Play.

The play of *Julius Cæsar* is constructed according to a definite plan. The first half of the play deals with the conspiracy against Cæsar. The success of the conspirators reaches its highest point in the middle of the play, when, after the assassination they "stoop and wash" in Cæsar's blood. In the midst of this scene, however, a servant of Antony enters with a message from his master, and his entrance marks the turning point in the play. From this time forward, the fortunes of the conspirators decline. In his first half of the play Cæsar appeared as a weakling, and Antony was described as one who was "given to sports, to wildness, and much company." But Antony proves himself to be "a shrewd contriver," and Cæsar now appears to us as "the ruins of the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times." The place of the dead Cæsar is taken by the living Octavius, who represents the spirit of the times against which the conspirators struggle in vain.

Sources of Interest in the Play.

Throughout the play of *Julius Cæsar*, Shakespeare has made use of various means commonly employed by dramatists to heighten the interest in the play. The following are some of the most important:

Suspense. In the first half of the play, after the conspiracy has been formed, the audience is kept in suspense as to whether the plot will be discovered or whether something may happen to prevent the conspirators from carrying out their plans. We are told that it is doubtful whether Cæsar will go to the senate house, and even after he has decided to go we are in constant anxiety lest the plot may be betrayed.

The Oracular Element in the Play. In the ancient classical drama one of the chief sources of interest was supplied by revelations or prophecies, which were known as *oracles*; and the modern dramatist very frequently makes use of this oracular element. In *Julius Cæsar* each half of the play contains a warning or prophecy. In the beginning of the play, the soothsayer bids Cæsar "beware the Ides of March"; but Cæsar refuses to heed the warning even though it is repeated on the very day that "the Ides of March are come." In the second half of the play Antony prophesies over the dead body of Cæsar, and before the conclusion of the play we find that the spirit of his prophecy has come true.

The Supernatural. The audience is easily impressed by anything which appears to be unusual in character, and the supernatural always suggests a mysterious and unseen power over which human beings have no control. In *Julius Cæsar*, Shakespeare makes use of the supernatural for dramatic effect in at least three important situations,—in the stormy night in Rome, in the scene at Cæsar's house, and in the ghost scene in Brutus' tent at Sardis. Although the prodigies of the stormy night can easily be explained, yet to superstitious people like Casca it appears that they are "portentous things," sent by the gods as "instruments of fear and warning unto some monstrous state." In Act II. the scene at Cæsar's house is set in a background of supernatural suggestion. The thunder and lightning still continue; "there's one within recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch." The augurers in doing sacrifice "cannot find a heart within the beast"; and Calpurnia has dreamed of Cæsar's statue "which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts, did run pure blood." In Act IV., the appearance of the ghost of Cæsar is merely the dramatist's way of making clear to us that in the struggle which is about to follow, the spirit of Cæsar will triumph. In Act V. still another suggestion of the supernatural is found in the speech of Cassius, in which he tells of the "ravens, crows and kites," which form a "canopy most fatal under which their army lies ready to give up the ghost."

Nemesis. In the course of any drama the author must see that the good qualities of his heroes are rewarded, and that the mistakes or crimes of which they are guilty are punished. Sometimes, under certain conditions, we feel that the punishment is particularly suited to the crime, and to this form of retributive justice we give the name of *nemesis*. In *Julius Cæsar* nemesis does not play so important a part as in some other dramas, but in the few instances in which it occurs it adds to the effectiveness of the play. In the first half of the play Cassius uses every effort to persuade Brutus to join the conspirators, and in order to accomplish his ends he makes use of dishonest means. The punishment of Cassius takes the form of nemesis, for it is the fact that Brutus does join the conspiracy, that brings about the downfall of Cassius himself. Another instance occurs in the case of Brutus and Antony. Cassius wishes to include Antony with Cæsar in their plans, but Brutus objects to the proposal and Antony is spared. The mistaken judgment of Brutus is followed by nemesis, for it is to the treachery of Antony that the conspirators in reality owe their defeat. Still another example of nemesis is to be found in the relation of Brutus and Cassius to Cæsar. In their effort to maintain the existing conditions in Rome they strike down Cæsar himself, who represents the spirit of the times; but in the end they themselves are crushed by the very forces which they had attempted to destroy.

The Important Characters in Julius Cæsar.

Julius Cæsar, as represented in the first half of the play, is little more than a caricature of the real Cæsar of history. The dramatist wishes to enlist the sympathies of the audience in behalf of the conspirators; and in order to do this he keeps Cæsar's real qualities as a military leader and statesman in the background, and makes much of his weaknesses as they are found in the story of Plutarch. The motive by which Cæsar appears to be influenced throughout, is his desire to become king. It is because this desire is thwarted that he shows his anger and petulance at the feast of Lupercal; it is because he hears that the senate have resolved to offer him a crown, that he decides to go to the senate house; and it is the fact that he is already playing the role of a king, that accounts, more than anything else, for his overhearing and arrogant manner. The reason we sympathize with the conspirators, however, is not because of Cæsar's ambition, but because of his weaknesses, which make us feel that he

is unfit to become king. "He is superstitious grown of late"; Decius boasts that he "can o'ersway him"; he is suspicious of Cassius because "he reads much and is a great observer"; he is capable of petty revenge, for the two tribunes were "put to silence for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images," and he rated Caius Ligarius "for speaking well of Pompey." At every turn we find some further evidence of vacillation, superstition, vanity, cowardice, and a score of other minor faults. And even in physical qualities he is found wanting. Cassius describes him as "a man of feeble temper"; he is deaf in one ear, and he is subject to the falling sickness. But in spite of these weaknesses the dramatist does not make the mistake of painting him in such colours that he appears inhuman or unreal. In the midst of all his petty weaknesses he gives expression to sentiments which are, under some conditions, the mark of greatness. "Cowards die many times before their deaths." "Shall Cæsar send a lie?" "What touches us ourself shall be last served." "Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause will he be satisfied." These in themselves are not the sentiments of a weakling. And it is worth while to notice that throughout this half of the play no word falls from the lips of Brutus in personal condemnation of Cæsar. "To speak truth of Cæsar," he declares, "I have not known when his affections swayed more than his reason"; and he is ready freely to admit that "the quarrel will bear no colour for the thing he is."

With the death of Cæsar the fabric of petty weaknesses which has been woven about his character at once disappears. The Cæsar of the latter half of the play is the world-hero of history with whom we are familiar; and of this Cæsar whose "glories, triumphs, spoils," are the theme of Antony's eloquence, there is no further need to speak.

Brutus is the real hero of the play. Even before he joins the conspiracy he is marked out for us by qualities which place him above the common rank of men. He is descended from Lucius Junius Brutus, who drove out the Tarquins from Rome. He is a Roman praetor; and one of the things upon which Cassius repeatedly lays emphasis is "the great opinion that Rome holds of his name." As soon as he joins the conspiracy he at once by common consent assumes the position of leader; but, as later events prove, he is lacking in those qualities which are necessary to a great leader of men. He has thus far lived in a world of theories and ideals and he is unable to judge of men's character or motives or to analyse the conditions of practical life. From the time when he joins the con-

spirators until his defeat at Philippi he is responsible for a series of mistakes which bring disaster to himself and his friends. He will not bind the conspirators by an oath; and he persuades them not to break their plans to Cicero; he refuses to include Antony in the same fate with Cæsar, and he not only gives Antony leave to speak at Cæsar's funeral but he urges the Commoners to stay to hear him. He is guilty of an error in judgment in marching to Philippi, and he makes the mistake of bringing his army down from the hills and of beginning the attack before the forces of Cassius are ready.

But in spite of these mistakes of judgment his spirit of patriotism and his lofty ideals place him at once on a higher level than the other characters in the play:

"This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only in the general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them."

It is because Brutus stood for what was "noblest,"—for freedom, honour, and the "common good," that we feel that he indeed has "glory by this losing day."

Brutus is a stoic, and it was a part of his philosophy to endure all things, evil as well as good, with patience and courage; and throughout the play his stoicism shows itself in an outward calmness and self-control which is in harmony with his lofty ideals and noble purposes. Only once in the play—in the Quarrel Scene—does his stoicism break down, and his "ill-temper" in this scene has been caused by the news of Portia's death. We should have thought less of Brutus if his stoicism had not given way under the strain of a grief so great and so personal as this.

But it is neither the ideals nor the philosophy of Brutus that appeals to us most strongly, but rather those personal touches of gentleness and tenderness which are revealed in all his words and actions, but most of all in his relations to Portia and Lucius. The highest praise which Antony can give to him, at the close of the play, is a tribute to this mingling of gentleness and strength in his nature:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man'."

Cassius. In forming the conspiracy against Cæsar, Cassius is moved by his envy of Cæsar, rather than by purely patriotic motives. In his efforts to persuade Brutus and Casca to join the conspiracy he is thinking not so much of the fact that Rome will suffer from the

tyranny of a king as that "a man of such a feeble temper," "a man no mightier than thyself or me in personal action," should have obtained such great power in Rome. He returns repeatedly to these two things, Cæsar's physical weakness, and his unfitness to exercise absolute power in Rome. Cæsar, on his part, when the procession is returning from the Lupercal, expresses an opinion of Cassius which, in the main, falls in with our idea of Cassius as he has already revealed himself in the play:

"He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
*Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves."*

In his efforts to influence both Brutus and Casca, Cassius exhibits a keen knowledge of human nature. He sees at once the best means of influencing them, and he is so eloquent and so persuasive that he carries the audience with him. But like most agitators he is not always actuated by the finest sense of honour, and he makes use of a piece of dishonest trickery in order to influence the unsuspecting Brutus. When the conspiracy is formed, Cassius is shrewd enough to see the conditions which are essential to its success; but he finds himself overruled at every point by Brutus, who by virtue of his standing in Rome at once assumes the position of leader.

In the latter half of the play, the finer and more personal qualities in the character of Cassius are revealed. Even if the charge of Brutus as to Cassius' methods of raising money is true, we are ready to overlook it as due to the practical necessities of the situation. In the Quarrel Scene we cannot but admire the self-restraint of Cassius under extreme provocation; and in the latter part of the scene he shows touches of tenderness towards Brutus that make us forget the "envious" Cassius of the early part of the play. Brutus addresses him as "noble, noble Cassius;" and later in the play as he looks upon the dead body of Cassius he exclaims:

"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow."

And Titinius, his trusted lieutenant, is ready to give his own life to show his devotion to his master.

Antony. In the first half of the play Antony is purposely kept in the background by the dramatist, and when he does appear we are

given the impression that he is a young man who 'loves plays,' who "revels long o' nights," and who "is given to sports, to wildness, and much company." Cassius mistrusts him, but Brutus, who misjudges him, sees only the more worldly side of his character, and persuades the other conspirators that he is not to be feared. But as soon as the assassination is over he appears in his true character, as an ambitious politician and a "shrewd contriver," with an eloquence that gives him power to stir the passions of the Roman people. But although in his funeral oration we are carried away by his eloquence, we feel at the same time that he is crafty and treacherous, and that while he is carrying out his promise to the conspirators in the letter, he is breaking it in spirit. In Act IV., in the scene in which the triumvirs meet, we are given still further evidence of this treacherous and unscrupulous spirit. In order to gratify his desire for revenge against the brother of Lepidus, he sacrifices his sister's son; he is preparing to tamper with Caesar's will; and he is ready to cast Lepidus off as soon as he has served the selfish purposes of himself and Octavius. In the last scene of the play he appears once again, and this time we see him to better advantage; for in his offer to "entertain" the servants of Brutus, and in his funeral speech over the body of Brutus, he shows a generosity of spirit which attracts us much in the same way as his eloquence did, in the early part of the play.

Octavius does not play an important part in *Julius Caesar*, and his character is suggested rather than portrayed, in the few scenes in which he appears. When his arrival is first announced we are told that Caesar had sent for him to come to Rome; and now that Caesar has perished, "another Caesar" is ready to step into his place and carry on his work; and throughout the remainder of the play Octavius assumes the tone of authority which marks him out as Caesar's successor. On two occasions he comes into conflict with Antony, — regarding their relations towards Lepidus, and regarding their positions in the field of battle at Philippi, — and in both cases his speech carries with it the suggestion of a relentless will. At the battle of Philippi it is he who 'hurls defiance in the traitors' teeth'; and at the close of the play it is he who gives orders for the disposition of the body of Brutus, and who calls the field to rest after the battle. It would be a matter of surprise if two such characters as Antony and Octavius could long work together in harmony; and in the play of *Antony and Cleopatra*, the sequel to *Julius Caesar*, we are given the

story of the conflict between the two leaders, which ends in the final triumph of Octavius.

Casca. When we first meet with Casca, in the beginning of Act I., he is among the throng that is following Cæsar in the procession to the Lupercal, and it is his stentorian voice that we hear calling for silence when Cæsar speaks. Later in the same day he gives Brutus and Cassius an account of the proceedings, and in telling the story he affects a bluntness of manner to give point to what he says. On the evening of the stormy night we meet with him again, breathless and staring with terror, and with sword drawn; for he is both superstitious and ignorant, and like others of his type he has been carried away by "the unaccustomed terror of the night." In such a mood he easily falls a victim to the persuasion of Cassius, and joins the conspiracy. When the conspirators meet at Brutus' house Casca is there, and on the one occasion in which he offers an opinion it is interesting to see how easily he is swayed by the opinions of others. When plans are made for striking Cæsar down it is agreed that Casca shall strike first,—and he does; but true to his character, he strikes from behind (see Act V., Scene I.). There is a touch of humorous irony in the words of Antony, when, after the assassination, he addresses him as "my *valian*' Casca." In the latter half of the play we hear nothing of him. Like the rest of the unworthy rabble—Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, and Decius, he drops into obscurity when the fortunes of Brutus and Cassius are put to their real and final test.

Portia is introduced into the play chiefly for the purpose of bringing out more clearly the character of Brutus. We see the gentler side of Brutus' character in the scenes in which Portia appears, and, moreover, the stoicism of Brutus is brought out more strongly by contrast with the conduct of Portia. She urges Brutus to share his secrets with her, on the ground that she is "stronger than her sex"; but when he does so, she is unable to bear the strain of anxiety, and before the story closes we are told that "she fell distract, and, her attendants absent, swallowed fire,"—and died even so. Her death, coming at a time when the fortunes of Brutus are declining, puts the stoicism of Brutus to the strongest test, and helps to add to the pathos of his own fate.

The Historical Background of the Play.

Julius Cæsar was born in 102 B.C., and was assassinated in 44 B.C. During the early years of his life in Rome a fierce civil war was waged

between the democratic faction, headed by Marius, and the aristocratic party headed by Sulla and supported by the Senate. Both Marius and Sulla in turn exercised arbitrary power, and after the death of Marius in 87 B.C., Sulla used every means to make the rule of the Senate supreme.

Sulla died in 78 B.C., and after his death Pompey became the leader of the aristocratic party in Rome. He succeeded in quelling rebellions at home and abroad, and in ridding the sea of pirates, and was, for the time being, the popular idol. In the meantime Julius Cæsar had risen rapidly to power, and in 60 B.C., Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, a wealthy Roman, united to form what is known as the First Triumvirate.

Cæsar, although belonging to an aristocratic family, had from the first been strongly in sympathy with the democratic cause, and spent his fortune freely in winning the favour of the Roman people. He was shrewd enough, however, to see that the way to secure real power in Rome was through military advancement. Accordingly, after his election as consul (59), he obtained an appointment as military governor, or pro-consul, of Gaul, and during the next eight years (58-50), he carried on a series of successful campaigns in Britain and Gaul. In the meantime, owing to the death of Crassus (53), the First Triumvirate was dissolved, and during the next few years a feeling of hostility developed between Cæsar and Pompey. Finally the Senate, who took the side of Pompey, and were afraid of the growing power of Cæsar, ordered him to lay down his arms and return to Rome. Instead of obeying this command, Cæsar at once crossed the Rubicon (dividing Italy from Gaul), and marched upon Rome. Pompey and his followers fled to the East, and the following year he was defeated at the battle of Pharsalus in Thessaly. Thence he fled to Egypt, where he was shortly afterwards murdered.

Cæsar was now supreme, and during the next few years he undertook to carry out great reforms in the state. He ruled with moderation, but at the same time he began to assume many of the outward marks of royalty; and although he refused the title of king he accepted the name of *Imperator*, which was sometimes bestowed upon a victorious general.

During the hundred years preceding the death of Pompey, important changes had taken place both in the character of the Roman people and in their form of government. As the result of foreign conquests there had grown up in the city a great body of idle "com-

moners," whose only care was to be feasted and amused at the public expense, from the spoils which were brought home from the wars. These people were quite unfit to govern themselves, and what they most needed was the strong hand of a military dictator. On the other hand, there were those among the Roman citizens who viewed with anxiety the growing power of a dictator, and the departure from the old republican ideals. And there were still others, who for purely personal and selfish reasons were jealous of Cæsar and his sudden rise to power. As the result of this opposition, a conspiracy was formed against Cæsar, and he was assassinated in the Senate house, on the Ides of March, 44 B.C.

Upon the death of Cæsar, Antony became sole consul, and soon made himself master at Rome. Brutus and Cassius shortly afterwards fled to their provinces, Macedonia and Syria, which had been assigned them by Cæsar, and there proceeded to raise an army. In May, Octavius, the great-nephew of Cæsar, arrived in Rome. He had been named by Cæsar as his heir, and in consequence he now assumed the name of Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus. Before long, Octavius came into conflict with Antony, and in the course of the quarrel, Cicero incurred the lasting enmity of Antony by siding with Octavius. Within a few months, however, Antony and Octavius had agreed to settle their differences, and in October, 43, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, one of Cæsar's lieutenants, met at Bononia (modern Bologna), and formed the Second Triumvirate. They proceeded at once to put to death all persons whom they considered as enemies; and although Octavius is said to have pleaded for the life of Cicero, he fell a victim to Antony's revenge. The following year, 42 B.C., the armies of Antony and Octavius defeated the republican forces of Brutus and Cassius at the double battle of Philippi. Between the first and second battles of Philippi, an interval of twenty days intervened. As a result of these battles, Brutus and Cassius committed suicide and their armies were dispersed.

Biographical Outlines.

Julius Cæsar was born in the year 102 B.C. He entered public life at an early age and became leader of the popular party in Rome. In the year 60 he joined Pompey and Crassus in forming the First Triumvirate. The next year he was elected consul and obtained command of the province of Gaul. Owing to his successes in Gaul he became estranged from Pompey. In 49, he crossed the Rubicon

and marched on Rome. In the following year Pompey was defeated in the battle of Pharsalus. Caesar now undertook to carry out vast reforms. In the year 45 he defeated Cneius Pompey at the battle of Munda in Spain. In February (44) at the feast of the Lupercalia he was offered the crown by Mark Antony, but refused it. On the Ides of March (44) he was assassinated by a knot of conspirators whose jealousy he had incurred.

Mark Antony was born about 83 B.C. He fought under Caesar in Gaul and was second in command at the battle of Pharsalus (48). In the year 44 he was elected consul. After the death of Caesar he aimed to secure the supreme power in Rome, but was opposed by Octavius. In the year 43, Antony, Octavius and Lepidus united to form the Second Triumvirate. Antony was given command in the east, but in the course of a few years he became estranged from Octavius chiefly owing to his relations with Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. He was defeated by Octavius in the battle of Actium (31) and shortly afterwards took his own life.

Octavius Cæsar was born in 63 B.C. He was the grand-nephew of Julius Caesar, to whom he owed his early advancement. When the news of Caesar's assassination reached him he was studying in the Greek colony of Apollonia, Illyria. He returned to Rome to take control of the affairs of Caesar, who had named him as his heir. He fought against Antony and defeated him, but shortly afterwards united with Antony and Lepidus to form the Second Triumvirate. The army of the triumvirs defeated the forces of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi (42). After the death of Antony, Octavius became supreme in the Roman world. In the year 27 he received the title of Augustus and became virtual emperor of Rome. He died in the year 14, A.D.

Marcus Brutus (78-42 B.C.) supported the cause of Pompey against Caesar. He was pardoned by Caesar after the battle of Pharsalus, and was appointed governor of Cisalpine Gaul (46). In the year 44 he was appointed prætor (magistrate) of Rome. He took an important part in the conspiracy against Caesar. He was defeated in the battle of Philippi in 42, and shortly afterwards took his own life.

Caius Cassius. Nothing is known of the early life of Cassius. In 53 B.C. he served in the campaign in Parthia. On his return to Rome he became a tribune of the plebs and attached himself to the party of Pompey. After the battle of Pharsalus he became reconciled to Caesar; but in the year 44 he took part in the conspiracy against

Cæsar. He was defeated at the battle of Philippi and took his own life. He was buried at Thasos.

Decimus (Decius) Brutus was born 84 B.C. He served under Cæsar in Gaul, and was named by Cæsar as his heir in the event of the death of Octavius. In spite of this, however, he joined the conspiracy against Cæsar, and after Cæsar's death he led the republican armies in Gaul against Antony. He was betrayed, however, and was put to death by order of Antony, while attempting to join the army of Brutus and Cassius.

Time Analysis.

The period of time covered by the events in *Julius Cæsar* is about two years and eight months,—from the feast of Lupercal, February 15, 44 B.C., to the battles of Philippi, in October, 42 B.C. The main events referred to in the play are as follows:

February 14, 44. Feast of the Lupercal. Cæsar refuses the crown.

March 15, 44. Cæsar's assassination. His funeral takes place a few days later, and Brutus and Cassius leave Rome within a few days.

May, 44. Octavius arrives in Rome.

November, 43. Meeting of the Triumvirs at Bononia (Bologna).

October, 42. Battles of Philippi, with an interval of twenty days between them.

For the sake of dramatic effect Shakespeare makes the events of the play follow upon each other in such a way as to cover up the intervals of time as far as possible. On the first day of the action the feast of Lupercal takes place, and the storm of thunder and lightning follows, the same evening. Before morning the conspirators see Brutus at his house. A few hours later they meet at Cæsar's house, and go with him to the Capitol. After the assassination, the funeral speeches take place; and on the same day Octavius arrives in Rome, and Brutus and Cassius flee from the city. The events of three months have thus been crowded into two days. The meeting of the Triumvirs occupies a third day, the quarrel scene a fourth, and the battles of Philippi a fifth, so that the whole action of the play covers only five days, with intervals.

But although the intervals of time are shortened as much as possible, it is sometimes necessary to give the audience the impression that a considerable period of time has passed, as, for example, in the case of the month between the Feast of Lupercal and the Ides of March. In such cases the dramatist makes use of what is known as *double time*. While he speaks of coming events as near at hand he refers to past events as if they had taken place a considerable time before. Brutus, for example, in Act II., Scene I., ll. 49-50, and ll. 61-2; speaks as if a good many days had passed 'since Cassius first did whet him against Cæsar!' And besides this system of double time, the intervening incidents, as well as the intervals between scenes and acts, all serve to give the audience the impression that the necessary time has elapsed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,

} triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

} senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

} conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidus, a teacher of rhetoric.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,

TITINIUS,

MESSALA,

Young CATO,

VOLUMNIUS,

VARRO,

CLITUS,

CLAUDIUS,

STRATO,

LUCIUS,

DARDANIUS,

} friends to Brutus and Cassius.

} servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE *During a great part of the play at Rome; afterwards near
Sardis, and near Philippi.*

JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you? 9

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade sir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of
bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with
me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou
saucy fellow! 20

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets? 30

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, 40
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire? 50
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears 60
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners.]

See, whe'er their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal,

Flav. It is no matter; let no images 70
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the Course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says "do this," it is perform'd. 10

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Flourish.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face. 20

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.



Soothsayer. "Beware the Ides of March."

Act I. Scene II.

Cas. I pray you, do

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius.
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference, 40
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection,—by some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented. Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

60

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cas-
sius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

70

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so.

80

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in

And bade him follow; so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy;

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, 110

Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man

Is now become a god, and Cassius is

A wretched creature and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world 130
 And bear the palm alone. *[Shout. Flourish.]*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. | Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about *Memory*
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 "Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd! 150
Rome, thou has lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Brut. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

190

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid _____ 200
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous. _____ 210
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Sennet. *Exeunt CÆSAR and all his Train, but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak
with me?

Bru. Ay, *Casca*; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day.
That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why there was a crown offer'd him: and
being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his
hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting. 222

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry
for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every putting-
by mine honest neighbours shouted. 230

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner
of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw
Mark *Antony* offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a
crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets:—and, as
I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my
thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd
it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my
thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.

And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted and clapp'd their chapp'd hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. 250

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brn. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 261

Brn. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet and offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be

taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers,
they would have done no less. 275

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you
i' th' face again: but those that understood him smil'd
at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine
own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more
news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off
Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well.
There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow? 290

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and
your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold nor noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, 300
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow; if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet 310
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at: 320
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
“These are their reasons; they are natural;” 30
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in. 40

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, 60
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance

Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides.

That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*]

Casca.

So can I: 100

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate 110
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element

In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Cæsa. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 100

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rome. BRUTUS' Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part, 10
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;

Memoranda

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads.]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
 Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up. 50

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
 "Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise:
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocking within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar, 61
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
 Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hid it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here 90
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cimber

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

99

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

110

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, -
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur ~~but~~ our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,

120

Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing 151
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers. 180
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Trab. There is no fear in him; let him not die; 190
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! Count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

200

May hold him from the capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils and men with flatterers;

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,

210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

220

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you,

Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you
now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition in the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted: yet you answer'd not.
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed. 260

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
 Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets? —

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*]
 Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows:
 Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who's that
 knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. 311

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. CÆSAR'S house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help! ho! they murder Cæsar!” Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten’d
me

10

Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

20

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; 30
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord, 50
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;

And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 60
To bear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents 80
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you should send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams"
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCAS, TREBONIUS
and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within;
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius! 120
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not
Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus
loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There
is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against

Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you:
security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods
defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this. 10
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If you read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the
house of BRUTUS.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well.
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por.

Prithee, listen well;

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

20

*Enter the Soothsayer.**Por.* Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.*Por.* What is't o'clock?*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?*Sooth.* Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

40

[To herself] Sure, the boy heard me: [To Lucius]

Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint!
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer.
Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. [*To the Soothsayer.*] The ides of March are
come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad? 10

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,—

[*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crook'd court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he, 70
Let me a little show it, even in this;

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca and other Conspirators stab Cæsar.]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute!* Then fall, Cæsar! *[Dies.]*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person, 90
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom and liberty!" 110

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels 120
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

130

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

140

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

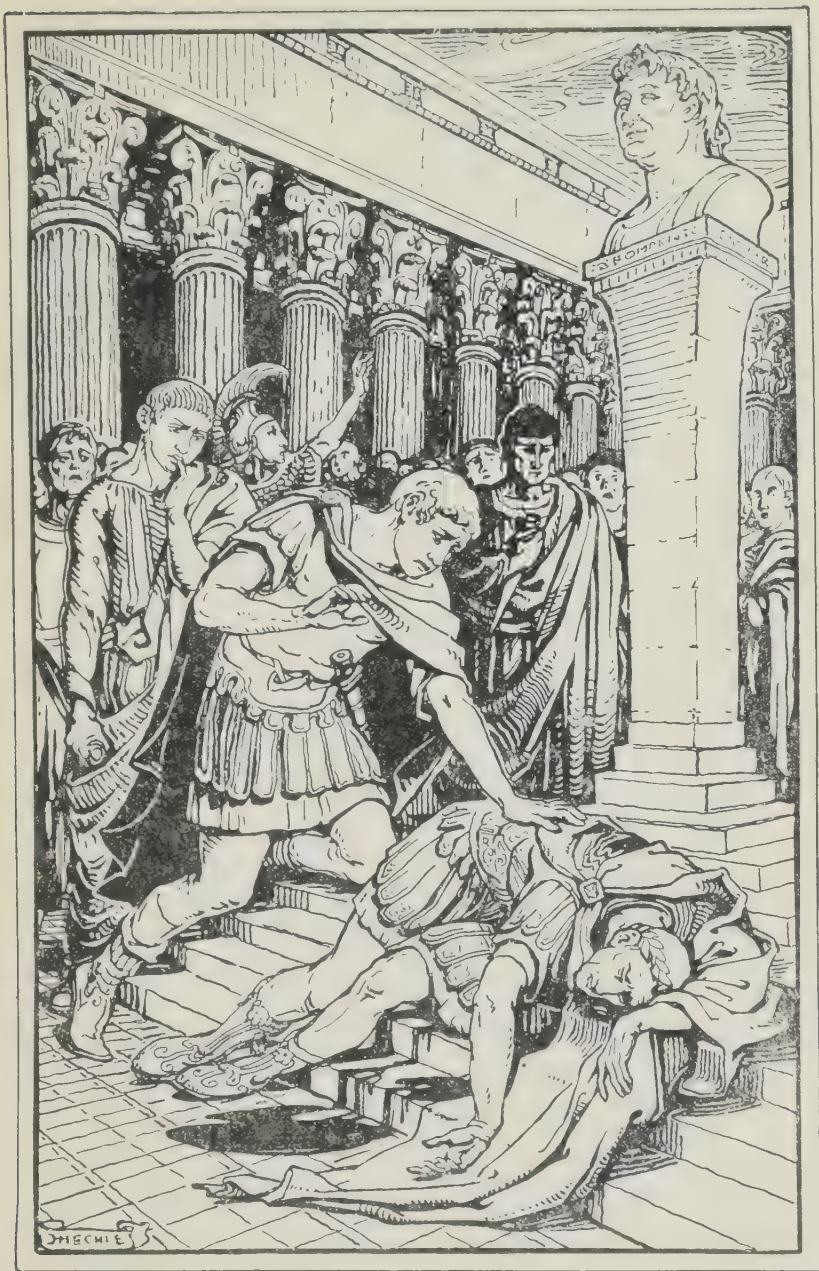
Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit

150



Antony. "O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?"

Act III. Scene I.

As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, —alas, what shall I say? 190

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart:

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, indeed, O word, the heart of thee.

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie! 210

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant.

Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;

But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all, 220
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do; do not
consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 And say you do't by our permission;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral: and you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250
 After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
 I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips, 260
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
 And dreadful objects so familiar
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280
O Cæsar!— *[Seeing the body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile; 290
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]*

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reason shall be rend'red

Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rend'red. 10

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: — Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If

any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 35

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforce'd, for which he suffered death. 41

Enter ANTONY, and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house. 50

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make. 60

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[Goes into the pulpit.

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him. 71

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

Memory

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man. /
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: 90
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man. 100
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter, 110
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not
take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there, 120
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will: 130

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark
Antony. 139

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will. 149

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring around the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will. 160
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave. [*Antony comes down.*]

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember 171
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent.
That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it.
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd 180
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell. 190
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

[Lifting Cæsar's mantle.]

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar! 200

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up 210

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him: 220

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 230

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the
will. 240

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, 250

And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, 261

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cæssius 270
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly. 10

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor?
Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely
and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much to say, they are fools that
marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed;
directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral. 20

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. 31

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit *Lepidus*.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender: 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations

Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers: We must straight make head:
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. 50

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS' tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and
 PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

10

But that my noble master will appear
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;

How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.

[*Low march within.*]

March gently on to meet him. 31

Enter CASSIUS and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs:
And when you do them— 40

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangel: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man 50
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. BRUTUS' tent.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself 10
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to his? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind.

Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me: 70
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults. 90

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger, 100
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
 better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru.

Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb 110
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas.

Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas.

O Brutus!

Bru.

What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me 120
 Makes me forgetful?

Bru.

Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals?

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; 131
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*]

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use.
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss! 151
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of
wine.

In this I bury all my unkindness, Cassius.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius! *[Exit Lucius.]*

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
and call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscription, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. 180
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman, bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner. 189

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, 200
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a fore'd affection;
 For they have grudg'd us contribution:
 The enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
 From which advantage shall we cut him off, 210
 If at Philippi we do face him there,
 These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
 The enemy increaseth every day;
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
 Early to-morrow we will rise and hence. 230

Bru. Lucius! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Erit Lucius.*]

Farewell, good Messala:
 Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cas.

O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru.

Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru.

Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru.

Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru.

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men; 242

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. *[Var. and Clau. lie down.]*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir. 260

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [Music, and a song.]

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee: 270
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare? 280
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.



Brutus. "I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
Speak to me what thou art."

Ghost. "Thy evil spirit, Brutus."

Act IV. Scene III.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

290

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! 300

[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Ereunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show:
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? 19

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,
MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too?

Bru. O, yes, and soundless, too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers? Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us
sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. 60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony and their army.]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [Standing forth.] My Lord?

[Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.]

Cas. Messala!

Mes. [Standing forth.] What says my general? 70

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas I but believe it partly; 90
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do? 100

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience

To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus! 120
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: 10
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him.
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again even, with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above.*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword 41
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou
art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run, 49
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?



Pindarus. "Titinius is enclosed round about."

Cassius. "Come down; behold no more.
O coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face."

Act V. Scene III.

Tit.

All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!*Mes.* Is not that he?*Tit.*

No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel and darts envenomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

Tit.

Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
 By your leave, gods:— this is a Roman's part:
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. 90
[Kills himself]

*Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO,
 VOLUMNIVS, and LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. *[Low Alarums.]*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible that ever Rome 100
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
 Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
 Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night, 109
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[*Exit.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; 10

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil.

Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sol. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en

First Sol. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he.

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough: 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame.

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead; 30
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed!

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus! 10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*]
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history: 40
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. (*Runs on his sword*)

Cæsar, now be still: 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. 60
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,

Memory

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So call the field to rest; and let's away

To part the glories of this happy day.

80

[Exeunt.]

NOTES

ACT I.—SCENE I.

In the first scene in *Julius Caesar* the audience are given a glimpse into existing conditions at Rome. Caesar is returning to the city after his victory over Cneius, the son of Pompey the Great. A mob of commoners have gathered in the streets "to see Caesar and rejoice in his triumph;" but they are dispersed by Flavius and Marullus, two tribunes of the people. The tribunes are evidently jealous of the growing power of Caesar, and are angry that on his return from his victory over the sons of Pompey he should enter the city in triumph. In this scene, then, we have on the one hand the Roman mob ready to do Caesar homage; and on the other hand the tribunes, representing the party in Rome who were opposed to Caesar.

The tribunes were officers of the common people, and had the right to veto any act of the magistrates which seemed to bear harshly on a citizen.

3. **mechanical.** Mechanics.

5-6. **the sign of your profession.** Tools or working clothes to show what trade you belong to.

10. **in respect of.** In comparison with.

11. **cobbler.** A mender of shoes; also, a bungler. Note the play on words in these speeches.

12. **directly.** In a direct, straightforward way.

16. **naughty.** Worthless, good-for-nothing.

17-8. **be not out with me.** Do not quarrel with me.

19. **mend you.** Teach you manners.

27. **proper.** Fine, goodly.

neat's leather. Ox-hide. *Neat* is an old word meaning *cattle*.

33. **triumph.** A triumph accorded by the Senate to a victorious general, consisted in a splendid procession through the streets of Rome. The conqueror, dressed in a gorgeous robe, rode in a four-horse chariot, preceded by the captives and spoils taken in battle, and followed by his victorious army. This pageant made its way

to the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill, to offer sacrifices to the gods in honour of victory. A triumph was accorded to a general only in case of victory over a foreign enemy; but in this case Caesar was celebrating his victory over the sons of a great Roman hero and patriot. In speaking of this victory Plutarch says: "But the triumph he made into Rome for the same did as much offend the Romans, and more, than anything that ever he had done before; because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man of Rome, whom fortune had overthrown."

35. **tributaries.** Captives; subject kings.

39. **Pompey.** See Historical Introduction.

48. **replication.** Echo.

51. **cull.** Choose out a special holiday.

53. On March 15th, 45 B.C., Caesar defeated Cneius, the son of Pompey, at the battle of Munda in Spain. The triumph took place in the following October, but Shakespeare, for dramatic reasons, represents it as taking place on the same day as the Feast of Lupercal (February 15th).

56. **intermit.** Hold back, delay.

62. **Exeunt.** A stage direction meaning "They go out."

63. You see that they are made of poor stuff, and that they have been moved by my words.

wh'er. Whether. *metal* and *mettle* are in reality the same word, and Shakespeare frequently uses *metal* where we would write *mettle*.

67. **ceremonies.** Decorations. The word *ceremony* was originally applied to either (a) a religious rite or a superstitious observance, or (b) materials used in celebrating this rite or observance.

69. **the feast of Lupercal.** The Lupercal (Latin, *lupus*, a wolf), was a cave surrounded by a grove, marking the place where Romulus and Remus were supposed to have been suckled by the she-wolf. The feast of Lupercal was held on February 15th, in honour of Lupercus, the god of fertility. It was a feast of purification for the walls of Rome. Dogs and goats were sacrificed in the sacred grove, and the priests of the Lupercal ran around the walls of the city with thongs of goatskin in their hands. With these whips they struck those who came in their way. The month of February derives its name from the Latin *februum*, a goatskin.

71. Cæsar's trophies. According to Plutarch, images of Cæsar had been set up, with diadems on their heads. These diadems were the "trophies."

72. the vulgar. The common people. (Latin, *vulgus*).

75. pitch. This is a term used in falconry to indicate the height to which the hawk soars.

QUESTIONS.

1. What impressions do you form of the Roman mob, as they appear in this scene?

2. There is very little humour in the play of Julius Cæsar. Why does the dramatist make the opening scene humorous?

3. What indications are there in this scene as to why Flavius and Marullus are opposed to Cæsar?

4 Line 54 consists of only the words "Be gone!" Why should Shakespeare not have filled this line out?

5. When Flavius proposes that they disrobe the images, Marullus replies, "May we do so? You know it is the feast of Lupercal." Why should that make any difference?

6. Why does the dramatist represent the commoners as speaking in prose, while the tribunes speak in blank verse?

SCENE II.

Scene II opens with a brilliant procession, as Cæsar and his train pass on to the Feast of the Lupercal. Cæsar, as he appears in this scene, has already begun to assume the tone and manners of a king and in his directions to Calpurnia he shows that he is anxious for an heir who shall succeed to the throne. In the conversation which follows between Brutus and Cassius we find that there are really two different reasons for the opposition to Cæsar. Cassius is evidently moved very largely by personal jealousy and he lays great stress on Cæsar's physical weakness. With Brutus, on the other hand, it is a question, not of Cæsar's weakness, but of whether Rome, from which his ancestors had driven the Tarquins, should have a king at all. When Cæsar returns from the games he shows certain petty fears and suspicions, which help to confirm Cassius' charges of weakness; and Casca's blunt story adds still further to our growing prejudice against Cæsar.

Antony for the course. Antony had been appointed as one of the priests in charge of the festival. He is ready to run the course.

9. **their sterile curse.** Their curse of barrenness.

18. **the ides of March.** The Roman month was marked by three divisions, the kalends, which fell on the 1st of the month; the nones, which fell on either the 5th or the 7th, according to the month; and the ides, which followed eight days after the nones.

"In March, July, October, May,
The nones fall on the seventh day."

Hence the ides of March fell on March 15th.

35-6. The figure is that of a horse held in check by the strong hand of the horseman.

37-12. If I have appeared unfriendly, my troubled looks are meant only for myself. I am struggling with conflicting feelings,—thoughts which concern myself only, which affect my behaviour towards my friends.

48-50. I have mistaken your feelings, and because of this I have kept to myself important thoughts.

58. **shadow.** Reflection.

71. **jealous on me.** Suspicious of me.

72. If I were a common jester or were in the habit of swearing my love to every new comer who protested his friendship; if you know that I am false to my friends, or that I am in the habit of professing my love to the common crowd at banquets, then you may look upon me as a dangerous man.

86-7. If it be anything for the public good, I will face death as willingly as I will seek for honour. **indifferently.** Caring for one as little as for the other.

91. **favour.** Appearance, looks.

95. **had as lief.** Would as soon.

109. **hearts of controversy.** Feelings of rivalry,—each trying to outstrip the other.

112-4. Anchises was the father of Æneas, the Trojan hero. According to tradition, Romulus, one of the founders of Rome, was descended from Æneas.

122. Just as a cowardly soldier deserts his colours, so the colour fled from his lips.

124. **his.** *His* is the old possessive form of the pronoun *it*

129-31. The figure is that of a racer getting the start of his competitors and bearing off the prize.

temper. Constitution, physical condition.

136. **Colossus.** A huge statue of Apollo in Rhodes. It was one of the seven wonders of the world, but was destroyed by an earthquake in 224 B.C. According to tradition it stood across the entrance to the harbour, with one foot on each shore, so that vessels entering the harbour passed between its legs. In reality, however, it stood wholly on the mainland near the harbour.

140. **our stars.** Our fortunes.

146. **conjure with 'em.** Use them for invocations in magic. Note the distinction between *conjure* (pr. ku'njur), to influence by magic, and *conjûre*, to call upon by oath.

'em. This is not a corruption of *them*, but an abbreviation of the O.E. *hem*, the dative plural of the pronoun *he*.

159. **a Brutus.** Lucius Junius Brutus who expelled the Tarquin kings from Rome.

brook'd. Endured.

160. **eternal.** Utter; not in the usual sense of everlasting.

163. **aim.** Estimate, idea.

166-7. I do not wish you to try to persuade me further, for the present.

so. If.

186. **ferret.** The ferret is a small animal belonging to the weasel family and used for hunting rabbits, rats, etc. Its eyes are usually pinky-red in colour.

221. **with the back of his hand.** Hence, very gently.

228. **marry.** An exclamation, derived from the word *Mary*.

233. **gentle Casca.** Does Brutus really think that Casca is gentle?

244. **rabblement.** Rabble, mob.

248. **swounded.** Swooned.

254. **falling-sickness.** Epilepsy.

265. **plucked me ope his doublet.** Pulled his coat open. *Me* is here used in the ethical dative construction and merely indicates the speaker's interest in the proceeding.

doublet. A close-fitting coat, with or without sleeves, worn by men in the sixteenth century; called a doublet probably because it was usually lined.

266. **an.** If.

occupation. Trade.

267. **at a word.** At his word.

271. **his infirmity.** His malady,—The falling-sickness.

286. **put to silence.** Deprived of their offices.

299. He pretends that he is dull and slow.

300. **his good wit.** His keenness of mind.

308-15. Cassius sees that Brutus can be easily influenced, and he determines that he will not let Brutus fall under the influence of Cæsar, who might lead him astray; for although Cæsar dislikes Cassius, he loves Brutus. "But," adds Cassius, "If Brutus and I could exchange places, I should not let myself be influenced as Brutus does."

310-2. Noble minds (such as Brutus), should keep ever with their likes (such as Cassius and his party); for, no matter how firm Brutus is, he might be led astray (seduced) by Cæsar.

313. **Cæsar doth bear me hard.** Cæsar finds it hard to endure (bear) me; in other words, Cæsar dislikes me.

314-5. *He* in both lines probably refers to Brutus.

humour. Influence.

321-2. Note the rhyme to mark the end of the scene. It gives emphasis also to the decision of Cassius.

QUESTIONS.

1. In what way does the introduction of soothsayer add to the interest in this scene?

2. What was the attitude of Brutus towards Cæsar at the opening of the play? (Lines 40, 82, 164-5.)

3. "Brutus is influenced not so much by what Cassius says about Cæsar, as by his own personal feelings regarding his ancestry and his influence in Rome." Explain.

4. What impression do we get of the character of Antony, as he appears in this scene? (Lines 29, 203-4.)

5. "In giving his opinion of Cassius (lines 192-214) Cæsar unconsciously betrays weaknesses in his own character." Explain.

6. What details are given as to Cæsar's physical weakness, by Cassius, by Casca, by himself?

SCENE III.

In the beginning of Scene III. Cicero and Casca meet in a street in Rome during a storm of thunder and lightning. Casca is terrified by the storm, and by the things which he fancies he has seen; but Cicero sees nothing unusual in the stormy night except that it makes walking unpleasant. Just as Cicero takes leave of Casca, Cassius enters. He so works upon Casca's superstitious fears as to persuade him to take part in a conspiracy that has been formed against Cæsar. At this point one of the conspirators named Cinna, enters, and with the help of Cinna and Casca, Cassius undertakes to carry out his plans "to win the noble Brutus" over to the side of the conspirators.

3. **sway of the earth.** Either the equilibrium of the earth, or the established order of things on earth.

18. **not sensible of fire.** Not feeling the fire.

22-3. **drawn upon a heap.** Huddled together.

24. **transformed.** Changed in appearance.

28-9. **when these prodigies do so conjointly meet.** When these unusual things all happen at the same time.

31. **portentous things.** Things of evil omen.

32. **climate.** Country.

33. **strange-disposed.** Having a strange character.

34. **after their fashion.** According to their own way of looking at things.

49. **thunder-stone.** Thunderbolt. The ancients supposed that an actual bolt or stone accompanied thunder.

50. **cross.** Forked, zig-zag.

60. **cast yourself in wonder.** Assume the attitude of one who wonders. Another reading is "case yourself in wonder"—that is, wear an appearance of wonder, as one wears a case or suit of armour.

64. Supply the verb "change."

65. Another reading is, "why old men, fools, and children calculate." Which reading do you prefer?

66. **ordinance.** What they were ordained to be.

67. **preformed.** Original.

68. **monstrous quality.** Unnatural character.

71. **monstrous state.** An unnatural state of things.

77. **prodigious.** Portentous, full of evil omen; not in the usual sense of *huge*.

84. **sufferance.** What we endure.

109-11. **offal.** Waste from which oils and other material for lighting were obtained.

117. **fleering.** Grinning, mocking.

118. **Be factious.** Raise a party or faction; create an agitation.

126. **Pompey's porch.** A magnificent hall or portico, situated close to Pompey's theatre in the Campus Martius. In the centre was an open area decorated with fountains and statues, and planted with sycamore trees.

159. **countenance.** Approval.

alchemy. The chemistry of early times, which had for its object the discovery of some art by which base metals could be changed into gold.

162. **conceited.** Estimated.

QUESTIONS.

1. "The prodigies which Casca claimed to have seen are the mere exaggerations of a superstitious fancy." Discuss this statement.

2. Cassius says that this is "a very pleasing night to honest men." What does he mean?

3. How does the attitude of Cassius towards Casca compare with that of Cicero?

4. Show in what way the sympathies of the audience are affected by the stormy night and its events.

5. Do you consider that Cassius was justified in the means which he used for winning Brutus to the side of the conspirators?

SUMMARY OF ACT I.

In Scene I. we see that there are two political factions in Rome, — on the one hand the common people who would gladly do honour to Caesar, and on the other, the enemies of Caesar, who are jealous of his growing power. In Scene II. we have an opportunity of judging of Caesar in person, and we are given the impression that while he is ambitious to become king, he is unfit to rule not only because of

physical defects but also because of his uncertain and arrogant temper. We are introduced in this scene, to Cassius and Brutus, two of the leading characters in the play. Brutus is depicted as a patriot who is struggling between his personal regard for Cæsar and his concern for the welfare of Rome. Cassius, on the other hand, is moved very largely by his personal jealousy of Cæsar, and he is described as one of those who are "never at heart's ease whiles they behold a greater than themselves." Brutus has the highest regard for honour and takes pride in his ancestry and in his position and influence in Rome. Cassius is less scrupulous, and is ready to take advantage of every possible means to influence Brutus. He suggests that Brutus "pluck Casca by the sleeve" because he knows that Casca's blunt story will influence Brutus against Cæsar. He does not even scruple to make use of a dishonest device in order to make Brutus feel that his fellow-Romans are appealing to him for his help against the tyranny of Cæsar.

In the third scene the effect of the stormy night is to give the impression that the gods themselves are incensed at the misdeeds of Cæsar. To an educated man such as Cicero, there is nothing unusual in the night, beyond the violence of the storm itself, but to the ignorant and superstitious Casca even the common objects on the streets have taken on unusual forms, to his distorted imagination. When Cassius meets Casca he is not slow to take advantage of his fears. Casca like most men of his class wishes to be thought brave, and is easily influenced to take part in an enterprise "of honourable-dangerous consequence" in which "some certain of the noblest minded Romans" are engaged. Before the scene closes we are let into the secret of the conspiracy and learn the names of some of the conspirators,—Cinna, Decius Brutus, Trebonius, Metellus Cimber. It is fitting that such a conspiracy should be launched under the cover of night, when "there is no stir or walking in the streets," and that in the background there should loom the shadowy figure of Pompey, within the shelter of whose portico the conspirators are meeting.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

In the beginning of Scene I. we find Brutus alone in his garden, and from his soliloquy we learn what his thoughts are regarding Cæsar. He has decided that the only way to prevent Cæsar from becoming king is to put him to death; but, strangely enough, he is ready to condemn Cæsar, not for what he has done, but for what he may do

if he should become king. He tells us plainly that he knows no personal reason why he should conspire against Cæsar. Cæsar has not allowed himself to be carried away by his passions, and shows no sign of abusing his greatness. But kings are usually tyrants, and if Cæsar should be crowned, his nature too might be changed; and so, although he cannot find fault with Cæsar for what he is, he is ready to kill him because of what he may become.

When Brutus has reached this point in his reasoning Lucius brings in the paper that has been thrown in at the window by Cinna; and the instigation contained in the paper has the effect of making Brutus finally decide to "speak and strike" in the hope that "redress" will follow. At this moment the conspirators arrive, and after a few words in private with Cassius, Brutus signifies his intention to join with them against Cæsar.

As soon as Brutus joins the conspiracy, his position and weight at once make themselves felt, and he takes a leading part in the counsels of the conspirators. Now, Brutus, although he is a Roman practor, and although he "sits high in all the people's hearts," is in reality a student and a dreamer rather than a practical man of affairs; and when Cassius with his shrewd knowledge of human nature suggests certain plans, Brutus is not always ready to accept them. Cassius sees that with men such as Cinna and Casca, it is safer to bind them together in a compact, by a solemn oath; but Brutus argues that their word is good enough without an oath. Cassius is anxious to persuade Cicero to join them because "his silver hairs will purchase them a good opinion and buy men's voices to commend their deeds;" but when Brutus objects, it is decided to leave Cicero out. Cassius is far-sighted enough to see that Antony is almost equally as dangerous as Cæsar; but the unpractical Brutus has misjudged Antony's character, and he persuades them to leave Antony untouched. As the sequel of the story shows, Cassius was right. What the conspirators needed most when the crisis came, was an orator to sway the crowd; and, as Cassius had predicted, Antony showed himself to be a "shrewd contriver," and his eloquence proved to be the undoing of the conspirators.

After the conspirators have gone out and Brutus is left alone, Portia, the wife of Brutus, enters. She urges Brutus to share his secrets with her, on the plea that she is stronger than her sex, and will therefore not disclose them. In the midst of her pleadings, Ligarius, the sick man, knocks at the door, and before he enters,

Brutus promises Portia that she shall "partake his secrets." Although Ligarius is sick, his devotion to Brutus is such that he is ready to "discard his sickness" and "to follow Brutus to do he knows not what," and the scene closes with Ligarius and Brutus ready to set out to meet the other conspirators, according to agreement, at the house of Cæsar.

1. **What.** An exclamation to attract attention.

2. Why could he not tell the time by the progress of the stars?

12. **the general.** The public good.

14. In Cæsar's case what would "the bright day" be? What is "the adder" which the bright day would bring forth?

16. What is "the sting" which Cæsar would have if he were crowned?

18-21. The great man abuses his greatness when he exercises his power without showing mercy (remorse); but I have not known Cæsar to be controlled by his passions (affections) more than by his reason.

21. 'tis a **common proof.** It commonly proves to be the case.

22-7. The ambitious man rises because he is humble, but when he has achieved success he becomes proud.

28-31. Since we are not justified in quarrelling with Cæsar for what he now is, let us put the case in this way,—that if his present power were increased (augmented) by his being made king, it would go to extremes.

33. **as his kind.** Like other kings.

44. **exhalations.** Probably meteors. Literally, an exhalation is something given off in the form of vapour.

51. **piece it out.** Complete it.

58. What was "the full petition"?

63-5. Between the time when we are first moved to do a dreadful thing and the time when it is actually done, the interval is like a hideous nightmare (phantasma).

66-7. According to ancient belief every person has a guardian spirit, or Genius, who watches over his life and directs his actions. The meaning then seems to be that the guardian spirit is in debate with the human passions (mortal instruments).

Some editors take *the Genius* to be in the mind which directs and controls our actions; and *the mortal instruments* to be the body and other agencies by which our plans are carried out. The meaning would

then be that the mind is busy contriving some means for carrying out "the dreadful thing" which has been planned.

mortal. Human.

70. your brother Cassius. Cassius was the brother-in-law of Brutus, having married Brutus' sister, Junia.

76. favour. Appearance.

81. monstrous. Unnatural.

82. affability. Geniality. Literally, an affable person is one with whom it is easy to converse.

83-5. If you were to walk forth, wearing your true appearance, even Erebus would not be dark enough to keep you from being found out.

Erebus. The under-world. The region of darkness which had to be traversed in passing from earth to Hades.

104. fret. Adorn.

107-8. Which is a long distance towards the south, considering that it is so early in the year.

114. the face of men. The trouble which is reflected in men's faces.

115. the sufferance of our souls. What our souls are enduring. **the time's abuse.** The abuses which men who are living at the present time are suffering.

118. high-sighted tyranny. See Act I., Scene I., ll 74-78.

119. by lottery. Life would be uncertain because no man could tell when he might incur the displeasure of the tyrant.

126. palter. Shirk our duty, trifle.

127. honesty to honesty engaged. The word of one honest man given to other honest men.

129. cautelous. Untrustworthy, deceitful.

130. carrions. The word *carrion* applies to the flesh of a dead animal. As here used it expresses contempt.

134. insuppressive. Insuppressible.

135. or—or. Either—or.

our cause. The thing that we are fighting for.

138. a several bastardy. A separate act of baseness.

150. break with him. Disclose our plans to him.

164. envy. Malice.

175-7. We have an example of this in English history in the murder of Becket by the servants of Henry II.

184. **ingrafted.** Deep-rooted. The word implies that his love for Cæsar was a part of his very being.

187. **take thought.** Brood over it.

192. **the clock.** In reality there were no striking clocks in Cæsar's time.

196. **main.** Strong.

197. **ceremonies.** Superstitious observances.

200. **augurers.** Soothsayers.

204. The unicorn was a fabulous animal, having a single horn in the centre of the forehead.

"Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter. Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking surer aim. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed." —*Steevens*.

210. **humour.** Mood.

211. **the Capitol.** Upon the Capitoline hill were situated the temple of Jupiter, and the citadel. The Senate-house was not on this hill, as Shakespeare seems to have imagined. The Senate usually met in the Curia Hostilia, in the Forum, but as the building was at this time undergoing repairs, the meetings of the Senate were held in Pompey's Porch, in the Campus Martius.

225. Let not our looks betray our purposes. The poet speaks of our purposes as being *put on* as a garment, and hence readily seen.

227. **formal constancy.** In playing his part the actor seems to show self-control (constancy), but it is only formal and not real, for he is only acting a part. So Brutus wishes the conspirators to show an outward calmness which is only formal and not real.

230. **honey-heavy dew.** The expression suggests that sleep is not only sweet and refreshing but heavy.

231. **fantasies.** Images. Fantasy is a longer form of the word *fancy*.

250. **humour.** A mood, or whim.

253-4. **shape.** Physical form.

condition. Disposition, temper, state of mind.

261. **physical.** Wholesome.

266. **rheumy.** Moist.

292. **withal.** Also.

295. **Cato.** Cato, the Younger (95 B.C.—46 B.C.), a Roman patriot, celebrated for his stern, stoical, temper of mind, and for his devotion to the Republic.

299. **constancy.** Powers of endurance.

308. **characterly.** What is written on them. The suffix *ry* is used to indicate a collection, as in *jewelry*.

323-4. An exorcist is one who controls (literally *expels*) evil spirits by the use of magic. Ligarius here says in effect, "You have cast a spell over me and have called up my spirit which was dead to the world (mortified) through this sickness."

QUESTIONS.

1. If Lucius did not appear at all in this scene, what essential details of the story would be omitted?

2. "In making his final decision Brutus is influenced by the same feelings to which Cassius had already appealed in the former scene (Act I., Scene II.)" Explain.

3. When the conspirators enter, Brutus asks:—"What watchful cares do interpose themselves betwixt your eyes and night?" Did he not know? Why, then, does he ask the question?

4. While Brutus and Cassius whisper apart, the other conspirators discuss where the east lies, and Casca concludes that the high east lies in the direction of the Capitol. What bearing has this conversation upon the main action in the play?

5. What light does Brutus' speech beginning "No, not an oath," (l. 114) throw upon his character?

6. Give briefly Brutus' estimate of the character of Antony. How does this estimate agree with what you have already learned of Antony in Act I.?

7. What further impression is given of Caesar's character in the conversation of the conspirators (lines 195-216)?

8. "When the words or actions of a character in the play have for the audience a significance the opposite of that which is intended, this

double significance constitutes what is known as Dramatic Irony." Point out an instance of dramatic irony in this scene.

9. What characteristics of Brutus are shown in this scene, other than those which appeared in Act I.?

10. Caius Ligarius does not play an important part elsewhere in the story. Why, then, is he introduced in this scene?

— SCENE II.

At the close of Scene I. we left Brutus and Ligarius on the point of setting out for Cæsar's house, where they were to meet with the other conspirators. Scene II. opens in Cæsar's house before their arrival. Cæsar is preparing to set out for the Senate house, but Calpurnia has been disturbed by dreams of ill omen, and pleads with Cæsar to remain at home. Cæsar yields to her wishes, but when the conspirators arrive Decius Brutus persuades him to change his mind, and in spite of Calpurnia's fears he decides to go. The effect of the whole scene is to make Cæsar appear not only as superstitious, but weak and vacillating.

night-gown. Dressing robe.

3. **Who's within?** This is a call for a servant.

5. **present.** Immediate.

6. **Success.** In what?

12. **I never stood on ceremonies.** I never paid any attention to superstitious notions—such as signs and omens.

16. Note how the story has become exaggerated.

20. **right form of war.** In regular form, as in real warfare.

22. **hurtled.** Clashed.

25. **use.** Custom.

30. The appearance of a comet was looked upon as an ill omen, which foreboded some great calamity.

41. **in shame of cowardice.** To make me ashamed of my cowardice.

42. **without a heart.** Cowardly.

49. Your self-confidence prevents you from acting wisely.

76. **statua.** Statue.

80. These she interprets as warnings and omens of evils that threaten Cæsar.

88-9. In England, when a popular hero was executed it was a common thing for his friends to tinge their handkerchiefs with his

blood, and to preserve this relic as a token of affection. Decius here means to say that great men will be anxious to receive from Cæsar some token of his favour by which he may be remembered in after years.

tinctures. Stains. Handkerchiefs *tinged* with blood.

relics. Memorials.

cognizance. Marks of honour.

96-7. Some one would likely make (render) the mocking remark.

103. **proceeding.** Welfare.

104. My reason is under control of (liable to) my love. Decius has been saying things that might offend Cæsar. If he followed his "reason" he would not tell Cæsar these things; but his love for Cæsar is such that he feels impelled to tell him even though his words may give offence.

128-9. People who walk together "like friends" may really be friends, or they may at heart be unfriendly. Hence "Every like is not the same." Brutus' heart grieves (yearns) to think that although he is acting like a friend of Cæsar's, he is in reality an enemy.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why does Cæsar consult the augurers? What do they advise? How does Cæsar receive their advice? What impression does this incident leave with the audience?

2. "From certain things that Cæsar says in this scene we are led to believe that he is a fatalist." Explain. Does Cæsar's conduct in the remainder of the scene appear to bear out this belief?

3. "In spite of the fact that Cæsar makes a great show of courage he is in reality a coward at heart." Discuss this statement.

4. Decius had boasted that if Cæsar were resolved to stay at home he could "o'ersway him."

(a) What means does he make use of in order to influence Cæsar?

(b) "When Cæsar yields to the persuasion of Decius, it is a further evidence of weakness in his character." Explain.

5. "Cæsar, as he is portrayed in this scene, is a mixture of superstition, foolhardy courage, fickleness, arrogance, vanity, and ambition." Point out an instance of each of these characteristics, as shown in Cæsar's speech and conduct in the scene.

6. (a) What is Cæsar's attitude towards the conspirators who have come "to fetch him to the senate-house"? What has just happened that might account for this?

(b) Point out an instance of dramatic irony in this part of the scene.

SCENE III.

Now that Cæsar has at last decided to go to the Senate house, we are interested in seeing whether the plans of the conspirators will be carried out successfully; and at several points during the next few scenes the excitement becomes intense when it appears that the plot is in danger of being discovered. In Scene III. Artemidorus, a teacher of rhetoric, appears on the street with a paper in which he warns Cæsar against the conspirators. Will Cæsar listen to the warning?

security gives way to conspiracy. A person who fancies that he is not in any danger does not take precautions, and conspirators have a chance to plot against him.

emulation. Jealous rivalry.

QUESTION.

What evidence do you find in this scene that Artemidorus was a teacher of rhetoric?

SCENE IV.

In Scene IV. the danger of discovery comes from two different sources. Portia is so carried away by excitement that she cannot help betraying her anxiety to Lucius. She had urged Brutus to tell her his secrets on the ground that she was "stronger than her sex," yet now she finds the strain of her anxiety almost too great for her to bear. To add to her excitement, the old soothsayer who had already warned Cæsar to "beware the Ides of March" appears upon the scene, and she learns from him that he intends to urge Cæsar "to befriend himself." It is little wonder that Portia forgets herself so far as to betray her secret, and that she "grows faint under the strain of her excitement."

1. **I prithee.** I pray thee.

6. **constancy.** Self control.

7. Prevent my tongue from giving utterance to my feelings.

18. **rumour.** Confused sound.

20. **Sooth.** In truth.

35. **suitors.** Those who have suits or petitions to present.

QUESTIONS.

1. In what ways does Portia show her excitement, before the soothsayer enters?

2. Is there any reason why Portia should suspect the soothsayer of having a suit to Cæsar?

3. Portia says, "I must go in." Why?

4. Why does Portia say "Brutus hath a suit that Cæsar will not grant?"

5. Portia says: "Run Lucius, and commend me to my lord; say, I am merry." She is not merry in this scene. Why, then, does she send such a message?

SUMMARY OF ACT II.

At the close of Act I. we are prepared to learn that Brutus is ready to join the conspiracy against Cæsar, and we are not surprised at either his argument or the decision that he arrives at in his soliloquy. Cassius has no doubt been partly responsible for this decision, for Brutus tells us that "since Cassius first did whet him against Cæsar he has not slept," and the paper that has been thrown in at his window seems to have the effect of strengthening his decision.

When the conspirators arrive at Brutus' house, it takes only a few moments for Brutus to let Cassius know his decision. Brutus seems to have been held in such respect that when he joins the conspiracy, all the conspirators, including even Cassius, are ready to follow his leading. But Brutus is not a man of practical affairs, and he rejects the very proposals which, as later events proved, were essential to the success of their plans.

After the conspirators have gone out, Portia, the wife of Brutus enters, and as a result of her pleadings, Brutus promises that he will share his secrets with her. As far as the plot of the story is concerned, it is not absolutely necessary that Portia should have been introduced into the play at all, — but her fine devotion shows us another side of Brutus which is essential to our full understanding of his character in the play. It is in his relations with Portia, Lucius, and Ligarius, rather than with the conspirators, that the finer lines in his character appear.

In the second scene we are given a picture of Cæsar which is little more than a caricature of the real Cæsar as he is seen in the latter half of the play. He appears to be superstitious, for he consults his augurers; but he refuses to accept their advice when it is offered. He

boasts about his courage in such a way that we suspect him of cowardice. In spite of his determination to go to the Senate-house, he yields to Calpurnia when she pleads with him to stay at home; but he quickly changes his mind again when he learns from Decius that the Senate are likely to offer him the crown. When the conspirators arrive at his house, he greets them warmly, and after drinking some wine, they set out together for the Senate-house.

In the third and fourth scenes, the interest of the audience is heightened by the appearance, in turn, of Artemidorus, of Portia and Lucius, and of the soothsayer; and when the scene closes we are still left in suspense as to whether the plot will be discovered before the conspirators have an opportunity to carry out their plans.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

When the first scene of Act III. opens Cæsar has already arrived at the Capitol. For the moment the excitement is intense, for among the throng of people "who follow Cæsar at the heels" we recognise the Soothsayer and Artemidorus, who are ready to warn Cæsar against the conspirators. No sooner is this danger past, than the conspirators are startled to find that Popilius Lena, one of the senators, knows of their plans. As soon as they are relieved of this anxiety, Trebonius draws Mark Antony out of the way, and Metellus presents his suit to Cæsar. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." In speaking to the conspirators Cæsar's tone and manner is that of a tyrant; he speaks of "Cæsar and his Senate," compares himself with the polar star, and even suggests a comparison with the gods of Olympus. When the conspirators strike him down his death seems a just retribution for his arrogance.

The moment that Cæsar has fallen, all is excitement and confusion. "Men, wives and children stare, cry out, and run, as it were doomsday;" and for the first time in the play there is a suggestion that the doers of this deed must "abide the consequence." But Brutus reassures the conspirators, and at his suggestion they stoop and bathe their hands in Cæsar's blood. At this moment the servant of Antony appears with a message from his master, and a few minutes afterwards, Antony himself arrives. Cassius, who knows something of Antony's cunning, is anxious to learn "what compact he means to have with them," before trusting him too far; but Brutus greets him as a friend, and, in spite of the protests of Cassius, goes even so far as to give him permission to speak in the order of

Cæsar's funeral. When the conspirators go out and Antony is left alone with the body of Cæsar, we are no longer left in doubt as to his true purposes. His curse against the conspirators takes the form of a prophecy, whose fulfilment we look for in the latter half of the play. And scarcely has this prophecy been uttered when a messenger announces the approach of Octavius, whom Cæsar before his death had called to Rome, doubtless in order that he might name him as his successor and heir.

10. **sirrah.** This is a form of address used towards inferiors.

22. **be constant.** Control yourself; do not become excited.

28. **prefer his suit.** Present his petition.

33. **puissant.** Powerful.

38. **preordinance and first decree.** That which is preordained and determined upon from the beginning.

39. **the law of children.** A law made by children in their play; is easily changed.

fond. Foolish.

41. **the true quality.** Its proper nature.

59. If I were so lacking in spirit as to plead with a person to change his mind, you would be able to move me with your pleadings.

60. **constant.** Firm, immovable.

61. **resting quality.** Immovable character.

67. **flesh and blood, and apprehensive.** Living intelligent beings. He is surprised that intelligent thinking human beings should be so changeable. *Apprehensive* usually means *fearful*, but here it is used in the sense of *laying hold of* or *understanding* an idea.

69. **holds on his rank.** Keeps his position.

70. **Unshak'd of motion.** Undisturbed by any movement.

74. **Olympus.** A mountain in Thessaly, which in Greek mythology was supposed to be the abode of the gods.

75. **bootless.** In vain.

80. **the common pulpits.** The public platforms in the Forum. In Cæsar's time there were two large platforms, or *rostra*, and several smaller ones. They were called *rostra* because they were ornamented with the beaks of captured ships (Latin, *rostrum*, a beak or prow).

83. **confounded with this mutiny.** Confused, or overcome, with the tumult.

94. **abide.** Endure the consequences of. This comes from an old English word meaning *to pay*. It has nothing to do with the word *abide* meaning *to await*.

100. **stand upon.** Care about; consider important.

115. **Pompey's basis.** The base of Pompey's statue.

131. **resolv'd.** Informed, convinced.

136. **this untrod state.** The new state of affairs.

145-6. My mistrust generally turns out to be only too well founded.
still. Usually. **falls.** Turns out. **shrewdly.** Sharply, accurately.
to the purpose. To the point.

152. Who else must be killed; who else is a source of evil to the state. In former times when a patient's blood had become unhealthy and diseased, he was bled (let blood) by the surgeon.

160. **apt.** Fitted, ready.

161. **mean.** Means.

171. **As fire drives out fire.** Fever and inflammation are driven out by the application of heat.

174. **in strength of malice.** As strong as if moved by hatred towards you. Some texts read, "no strength of malice,"—that is, not made strong by hatred.

175. **of brothers' temper.** With love, as in the case of brothers.

188. **my valiant Casca.** Ironical. As we learn later, Casca had struck Cæsar from behind.

191-2. I am so little likely to be trusted, that you will judge of me (conceit me) in one of two bad ways.

206. The hunter took from his prey some badge or trophy; so the murderers of Cæsar were marked with his blood and crimsoned in his death. **Lethe** comes from the Latin *lethum*, meaning death.

216. **prick'd.** Marked, checked off. In Roman times names were written on wax tablets and were checked off by pricking the wax opposite the name.

224. **full of good regard.** Worthy of respect.

257. **the tide of times.** The ages gone by.

262. **the limbs of men.** Men's bodies.

263. **Domestic fury.** A fierce struggle within the country.

264. **cumber.** Encumber, lie heavy upon.

269. Cruel deeds shall be so common that no pity will be felt. The construction is nominative absolute.

271. *Até*. The goddess of mischief.

272. *in these confines*. Within the limits of this country.

a monarch's voice. Cæsar, though not crowned as a king in his lifetime, shall exercise the power of a king after death.

273. "*Havoc*." "*No quarter*." It will be a war in which no mercy will be shown.

the dogs of war. Fire, sword and famine.

274-5. The stench of dead bodies crying out for burial shall remind men of the foul deed which brought about this war.

276. *Octavius Cæsar*. See Biographical Outlines.

283. *Passion*. Strong feeling; grief.

289. *no Rome*. A play upon the words "*no room*."

290. *Hie*. Hasten.

292. *the market place*. The Forum.

294. *issue*. The outcome of their actions.

295. *the which*. In Shakespearian English *the* was sometimes placed before *which* to make the expression more definite.

QUESTIONS.

1. What effect did the remark of Popilius Lena have upon Cassius and Brutus respectively?

2. Almost immediately after the death of Cæsar attention is turned upon Publius. Can you suggest a reason? Has Publius taken any part in the play, hitherto?

3. What did Brutus propose that the conspirators should do in order to reassure the people? What do you think of his proposal?

4. Show how the prophecy contained in lines 111-118 has been fulfilled.

5. Compare the attitude of Brutus towards Antony with that of Cassius.

6. When Brutus states the conditions under which Antony is to be allowed to speak at Cæsar's funeral, Antony replies, "Be it so; I do desire no more." What special reasons had Antony for feeling satisfied with the conditions?

7. "The second half of the play resembles the first in that it also contains a prophecy whose fulfilment adds to the interest in the play." Explain.

8. Would it have made any serious difference to the play if the part of this scene following the conclusion of Antony's prophecy had been omitted? Give your reasons.

9. Do you find any evidences in this scene that Antony had any real love for Cæsar?

SCENE II.

At the opening of Scene II. Brutus goes to the pulpit in the Forum and speaks to the throng of citizens. His speech, however, is not such as to appeal to the common people. They hold Brutus himself in great respect, and are pleased with his fine-sounding phrases; but how little they have really understood him is shown by the fact that they are ready to put him into Cæsar's place, and crown him as their king. Brutus, on the other hand, is so short-sighted and unpractical that when the mob are ready to "bring him to his house," he urges them to stay to hear Antony—the very thing that proved his undoing.

When Antony begins to speak, his first object is to "disprove what Brutus spoke," and in so doing he appeals directly to the feelings of the crowd. He follows this up with a skilful reference to the will of Cæsar, and he wins over the mob by broadly hinting to them that they are Cæsar's heirs. He has thus far kept his promise to Brutus and Cassius,—in letter at least; but now he descends from the pulpit and proceeds to play upon the stronger passions of the crowd—their pride in Cæsar's victories, their feelings of pity and sense of injustice. And when at last the mob is completely in his power, it needs only the reading of the will to work them into a frenzy of fury against the conspirators.

In the remainder of the scene events move quickly. A messenger announces that Octavius has arrived in Rome and is waiting with Lepidus at Cæsar's house; and in the same breath he brings the news that "Brutus and Cassius are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome."

The Forum was an open space in the heart of the city where public meetings were held and where business of all kinds was transacted. It was over four acres in extent, and was surrounded by temples and other public buildings.

10. **severally.** Separately.

16. **censure.** Judge.

39. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol. The reason for his death is recorded.

40. **extenuated.** Lessened, undervalued.

enforced. Exaggerated, made greater than they really are.

52. **parts.** Qualities.

66. **beholding.** Under an obligation, indebted.

90. **the general coffers.** The public treasury.

111. **Has he, masters?** "Indeed, he has." The tone of voice conveys the speaker's meaning.

115. **abide it.** Pay for it.

121. There is no one in so humble a position that he will show respect to him.

130. **closet.** His study.

151. **o'ershot myself.** Gone too far.

174. **the Nervii.** The Nervii were one of the bravest of the Belgian tribes. In the year 57 B.C. during one of Cæsar's campaigns, the Nervii took his army by surprise and almost defeated them. Cæsar, however, by his personal courage and enthusiasm turned the tide of battle and gained a victory for the Romans.

176. **envious.** Malicious.

180. **resolved.** Informed, satisfied.

182. **Cæsar's angel.** As closely associated with him as his attendant spirit or Genius. It was in reality Decius Brutus, and not Marcus Brutus, who was the intimate friend of Cæsar.

189. In Plutarch's account of the assassination of Cæsar he says that Cæsar "was driven against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain."

195. **dint.** Force.

221. **wit.** Understanding, intelligence.

241. **under Cæsar's seal.** Why does Antony mention this?

243. **drachmas.** The drachma was a Greek coin worth about twenty cents in our money.

250. **this side Tiber.** Cæsar's gardens were in reality on the other side of the river Tiber.

252. **recreate.** Take recreation.

255. **the holy place.** The part of the Forum set apart for the burning of bodies. An altar and a temple were afterwards built on the spot where Cæsar's body was burned.

260. **forms.** Benches.

263. In reality Octavius did not reach Rome until two months after the death of Cæsar.

QUESTIONS.

1. (a) Why is the speech of Brutus written in prose form rather than in poetry?
- (b) Which of the sentiments in Brutus' speech were most likely to appeal to the mob?
2. In lines 83-4 Antony speaks of the conspirators as "honourable men." Point out the lines in the remainder of the scene in which he uses the same expression to convey a different meaning.
3. Aside from the facts and arguments which he presents, what tricks of oratory does Antony make use of in order to heighten the effect of his speech?
4. Brutus, in giving Antony permission to speak, had said, "You shall not in your funeral speech blame us," and to this Antony had agreed. In how far did he keep his promise?

SCENE III.

This short scene serves two purposes in the play. The attention and the feelings of the audience have been under a severe strain throughout the two previous scenes, and there is a touch of humour in this scene, which provides the needed relaxation. And besides this it gives us some idea of the unreasoning fury of the mob, when they are ready to tear a man to pieces simply because he bears the same name as one of the conspirators.

Cinna the poet. The poet's name was Helvius Cinna. Plutarch says of him that the people mistook him for Cinna the conspirator, and "falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the marketplace."

2. My imagination is filled with things of evil omen.
9. **directly.** Plainly, in a straightforward manner.
12. **you were best.** It would be best for you.
18. **bear me a bang.** Receive a blow from me.

SUMMARY OF ACT III.

Even after Cæsar's arrival at the Capitol there is still great danger that the plans of the conspirators may be discovered; but Cæsar's sense of security proves his undoing. He pays no attention to the warning of the soothsayer, and refuses to read the schedule of Artemidorus; and when the conspirators urge their petition in behalf of Publius Cimber, in blind self-confidence he assures them that "Cæsar doth not wrong" and cannot be moved by their prayers.

After he is struck down there is confusion and excitement, and for the first time, even a suggestion of fear; but when the conspirators stoop to bathe their hands in Cæsar's blood their confidence returns and their enthusiasm reaches its highest point. Just at this moment, however, a servant of Antony enters. With the very first words of the servant, as he repeats the message of Antony, we feel that a new force, — an eloquence which will carry all before it, has entered into the play.

When Antony himself enters and addresses the dead body of Cæsar, we realize at once the real greatness of Cæsar, which has been distorted and obscured in the first half of the play. Cassius, as we have seen, at once suspects the motives of Antony, but Brutus does not question his honour and goes even so far as to give Antony leave to speak at the funeral of Cæsar. When the conspirators go out, Antony's prophecy over the body of Cæsar reveals to the audience his true motives.

In the beginning of the second scene, Brutus addresses the throng of citizens in the Forum. His speech is that of a scholar and a student of rhetoric, and its set phrases dealing with abstractions are not such as to stir the feelings of a Roman mob. Antony's speech, on the other hand, is a masterpiece of ingenious persuasion. As long as he speaks from the pulpit he refrains from making a direct attack upon Brutus and Cassius; but when he concludes his formal speech and comes down from the pulpit he throws off all restraint, and does all in his power to inflame the passions of the mob against the conspirators. When the mob goes out in a whirlwind of fury, we feel that the cause of the conspirators is already lost, and the fate of the unfortunate Cinna in the scene following only serves to confirm that feeling.

ACT. IV.—SCENE I.

Since Antony made his oration over the dead body of Cæsar some months have elapsed. Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus have formed an alliance, and in this scene we find them seated at a table in a

house in Rome, checking over the names of citizens whom they intend to put to death. Lepidus consents that his brother shall die, and with a coarse laugh Antony pricks off the name of his sister's son. Lepidus is then sent to Cæsar's house for the will, in order that they may cut off some of Cæsar's legacies to his friends. As soon as Lepidus is gone, Antony suggests to Octavius that it is not right that Lepidus should share "the three-fold world" with them. But Octavius, more just than Antony, defends Lepidus against his charges. In the concluding speeches we learn that "Brutus and Cassius are levying powers," against which Octavius and Antony "must straight make head."

2. **Your brother.** Paulus Lepidus, who had declared his brother M. Lepidus, the Triumvir, a public enemy, because he had joined Antony's party.

4. **Publius.** Shakespeare has stated the facts inaccurately. It was Lucius Cæsar, an uncle of Antony, whom the Triumvirs condemned to death.

9. **charge.** Expense.

14. **three-fold world.** Europe, Asia, and Africa.

17. **proscription.** Those who suffered proscription were condemned to death without trial, and their property was confiscated.

18. Antony was about twenty years older than Octavius.

20. **appoint him store of provender.** Supply him with plenty of food.

32. **wind.** Turn.

34. **in some taste.** To some extent, in some measure.

36. **a barren-spirited fellow.** A fellow with no originality—without ideas of his own.

one that feeds on abjects, orts and imitations. One who follows ideas that have been discarded or found to be worthless, and who imitates the fashions of others.

abjects. Things discarded, or thrown away.

orts. Leavings; generally used of scraps of food.

40. **a property.** A mere tool, not a responsible person.

46. **covert.** Secret, hidden.

QUESTIONS.

1. Can you suggest a reason why the proscription is referred to in the play?

2. What light do Antony's words and actions in this scene throw upon his character?

3. What impression do you form of Octavius as he appears in this scene?

SCENE II.

The scene is now shifted to the camp of Brutus near Sardis. Brutus and Cassius have evidently been "levying powers" in different provinces, and owing to a misunderstanding a difference has arisen between them. Lucilius, the lieutenant of Brutus, who has recently visited Cassius, reports that he was not so warmly received as formerly. Brutus is apparently ready to blame Cassius for what has taken place; but at this juncture Cassius himself arrives with his troops. He is evidently smarting under a sense of injustice at the hands of Brutus; and this scene, which is merely preliminary to the quarrel scene to follow, closes with an agreement to retire to the tent of Brutus and there discuss their quarrel.

Sardis. The ancient capital of Lydia, in Asia Minor.

6. **He greets me well.** I am glad to receive his greeting.

7. **In his own change.** Owing to some change in himself. Some editions read, "In his own charge," that is, on his own responsibility.

14. **resolved.** Informed, assured.

16. **familiar instances.** Marks of familiarity.

17. **conference.** Intercourse, discussion.

21. **an enforced ceremony.** An artificial show of courtesy. The manner is no longer easy and natural, but constrained.

23. **hollow.** Insincere.

hot at hand. Showing their mettle when held in check; or it may be, showing mettle when led by the hand.

26. **deceitful jades.** Worn-out horses, who deceived us by making show of having some spirit.

39. **sober form.** Grave appearance.

46. **enlarge your griefs.** Explain your grievances fully.

QUESTIONS.

1. None of the conspirators, Casca, Cinna, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Ligarius, appear in the latter half of the play; but on the other hand, a number of new characters, Lucilius, Pindarus, Titinius, and others, are introduced. Can you account for this?

2. Brutus says, "Your master, Pindarus, hath given me some worthy cause to wish things done, undone." From what you have

already learned of Brutus and Cassius, can you form any judgment as to which of the two is likely to be right, in this quarrel?

3. Compare the manner of Cassius with that of Brutus when they meet, in the latter half of this scene.

SCENE III.

The cause of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is easily understood. They have been forced to raise money to carry on the war. Cassius is less scrupulous than Brutus as to the means which he takes to obtain it; but while Brutus condemns the methods of Cassius he insists on receiving a share of the money to pay his legions. Throughout the quarrel scene we feel that Brutus is unjust in his treatment of Cassius, while Cassius, on the other hand, shows a power of self-control that raises him in our estimation, and in the reconciliation which follows, a gentler side of Cassius' nature appears, the existence of which we had no reason to suspect in the earlier half of the play.

During the quarrel itself, the feelings of the audience are again put under severe tension, but the entrance of the poet gives a moment of needed relaxation. Then comes the tidings of Portia's death and the news that Cicero has suffered among the others at the hands of the Triumvirs. When the news of Portia's death is confirmed beyond a doubt, by Messala, Brutus turns stoically to their 'work alive,' and discusses with Cassius the plan of 'marching to Philippi presently.' Cassius thinks that they should remain where they are, but knowing the feelings of Brutus he does not urge his opinion strongly, and as a result Brutus again has his way.

When Brutus is left alone with Lucius after Cassius and Messala have gone out, he shows the gentlest and tenderest side of his nature, and as he turns again to the reading of his book, in spite of his strength of character he makes almost a pathetic figure—the scholar and dreamer forced by the unkindness of fate into a world of action in which he is not fitted to take part.

"The time is out of joint! O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

In such a time as this it is no wonder that he should have had, in his heart of hearts, a feeling that the struggle was futile; but when the ghost of Cæsar appears with his ominous message, "Thou shalt see

me at Philippi," there is no note of doubt or fear in Brutus' answer to his challenge:

"Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow."

2. **noted.** Publicly disgraced, stigmatized.

5. **slighted off.** Put aside as insignificant.

7-8. In time of war it is not a wise thing to pass judgment on every petty offence.

nice. Trivial, petty.

his. Its.

10. **an itching palm.** A greed for money.

15-6. Because Cassius takes part in this bribery it goes unpunished.

20-1. Who was there that was so base as to stab Cæsar for any other cause than to secure justice.

27. **bay.** Bark at.

32. **Go to.** Away with you!

37. **slight man.** See Act I, Scene II, line 194.

36. **health.** Well-being, safety.

39. **choler.** Anger.

45. **observe you.** Show deference to you.

46. **testy humour.** Irritable temper.

47. **spleen.** A spongy gland, near the larger extremity of the stomach, supposed by the ancients to be the seat of anger and melancholy.

69. **respect not.** Pay no attention to.

75. **indirection.** Crookedness, dishonesty.

80. **rascal counters.** Worthless coins. The word *rascal* was originally a term used in the chase, with reference to animals that were not worth the hunting.

102. **Plutus.** The god of riches.

109. **dishonour shall be humour.** If you do something dishonourable I shall consider it merely a caprice.

112. **who.** Which, referring to the flint.

enforced. Struck with force.

115. **blood ill-tempered.** Blood in which the different elements were not properly combined. According to common belief, the body was composed of four "humours,"—blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy. When these humours were not properly combined, both mind and body were out of health.

120. The quick temper which is a part of my nature.

124. **Poet.** The name of the poet was Marcus Phaonius.

133. **cynic.** A rude, mocking fellow.

138. **companion.** Fellow; a term of contempt.

145-6. Brutus was a Stoic, and it was one of the doctrines of the Stoics that men should be unmoved by either joy or grief, submitting themselves with patience to the inevitable.

150. **killing.** Being killed.

155. **fell distract.** Became distracted.

156. **swallowed fire.** Plutarch says that Portia "took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself."

165. **call in question.** Examine into.

170. **Philippi.** A city in Macedonia, named after its founder Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great.

179. **Cicero is dead.** Cicero was slain at his villa in Formiæ, in the province of Campania, in December, 43 B.C. His head and hands were sent to Rome by order of Antony and affixed to the rostrum in the Forum.

191. **that she must die once.** That death must come to her some time or other.

194. I also profess to be able to endure suffering, but I have not the strength to bear sorrow in this way. Cassius was an Epicurean, and the patient endurance of suffering was a doctrine of the Epicureans as well as of the Stoics.

196. **our work alive.** That concerns the living rather than the dead.

201. **offence.** Injury.

220-1. If we fail to take advantage of our opportunities, the remainder of our life is full of difficulties and troubles.

shallows. Shallow water, in which the vessel is likely to run aground.

224. **ventures.** Vessels with their merchandise, which we have risked abroad.

227. **necessity.** For rest and sleep.

228. **niggard.** Treat in a niggardly fashion, put on short allowance.

241. **knave.** Boy.

258. **an't please you.** If it please you.

265. **I will not hold thee long.** I will not keep you long at your instrument.

268. **leaden mace.** Heavy staff. It was the custom of a constable, as a sign of his authority, to touch with his staff or baton, those whom he was about to arrest.

280. **to stare.** To stand on end.

308. **set on his powers betimes.** Set his army in motion early.

QUESTIONS.

1. (a) What charge did Brutus make against Cassius in the quarrel scene?

(b) What defence did Cassius make?

2. In his comments upon this scene one of the critics speaks of "the calmness of Brutus, and the heat of Cassius." Do you agree with him?

3. (a) Why does the dramatist make reference to the death of Portia, in this scene?

(b) In his conversation with Messala, Brutus pretends that he has heard nothing of Portia's death. Why does he do this?

4. How does the gentler side of Brutus' nature show itself in his treatment of (a) Varro and Claudius, and (b) Lucius?

5. "Brutus is a scholar and a dreamer, a man of ideals instead of a leader of men." To what extent is this estimate of Brutus borne out by the incidents of this scene?

SUMMARY OF ACT. IV.

The first scene of Act IV. gives us an account of the meeting of the Triumvirs in Antony's house in Rome. This scene is important chiefly because it gives us a new insight into the character of Antony, besides making us acquainted for the first time with Octavius and Lepidus. During the preceding Act we are so carried away by the eloquence of Antony that we are ready to forget that he has played false with Brutus and Cassius. Now, however, we see his character

in its true light. He is ready to sacrifice his sister's son, to tamper with Cæsar's will, and to turn Lepidus off as soon as he has done their disagreeable tasks. Octavius does not play so important a part as Antony, either in this scene or in the play as a whole, but although he says little he gives us the impression of having a will of his own, which, when the time comes, will carry all before it.

Scenes II. and III., which follow, have to do, for the most part, with the personal relations of Brutus and Cassius. Their quarrel has the effect of arousing our sympathies for both. We see a more personal and human side of Cassius in this scene than in the earlier part of the play, and the momentary passion of Brutus only helps to throw into relief the calmness and gentleness of his nature as it appears in the remainder of the scene. Ever since the conclusion of Antony's oration we have been prepared for the failure of Brutus and Cassius and for the triumph of Antony and Octavius. In this scene we are given the impression that the strength of Brutus and Cassius is at its height and ready to decline; we feel instinctively that Brutus is making a grave mistake in marching upon Philippi; the news of the proscription, and of the death of Portia, strengthens our feeling that the Triumvirs have the upper hand; and finally when Brutus is left alone in his tent, the appearance of the ghost of Cæsar with his ominous mention of Philippi, is the dramatist's method of giving us to understand that at Philippi the power of Cæsar will finally triumph.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

In the opening scene of Act V. a "parley" takes place between the generals of the opposing armies at Philippi,—a war of words which precedes the actual battle. Throughout the scene we find a number of further touches which are intended to prepare us for the final defeat of Brutus and Cassius,—the confidence of Antony and Octavius, the forebodings of Cassius, and finally the farewell of Brutus and Cassius in anticipation of defeat.

4. battles. Battalions, armies.

5. warn. Summon to battle.

7. their bosoms. Their secrets.

10. fearful bravery. Although they make a show of valour, they are in reality full of fear.

15. Supply the verb *is*.

19. exigent. Crisis, critical moment.

33. **the posture of your blows.** How you place your blows; how you fight.

34. **Hybla.** A town in Sicily famous for its honey.

35. **not stingless too?** Cassius taunts Antony with having used 'honeyed' words to win over the mob in the funeral oration over Cæsar's body. Antony retorts that if his words were 'honeyed' they evidently had a sting in them too.

48. **the cause!** Let us get back to the matter in hand!

63. **Old Cassius still.** Still as sharp-tongued as ever.

66. **stomachs.** Courage, inclination.

75. **As Pompey was.** At the battle of Pharsalus (48 B.C.), Pompey was practically over-ruled by his generals and forced to give battle to Cæsar.

77. **held Epicurus strong.** Believed strongly in the doctrines of Epicurus. Epicurus (born about 342 B.C.) was the founder of a Greek school of philosophy. According to the doctrines of this school, the gods took little interest in the affairs of men, and hence no value was to be attached to omens and portents.

80. **former.** Foremost.

83. **consorted.** Accompanied.

92. **constantly.** Bravely, resolutely.

94. **stand.** This is subjunctive, expressing a wish. May the gods show themselves friendly.

101. **that philosophy.** The Stoic philosophy.

102. **Cato.** Marcus Cato (95-46 B.C.) belonged to the party of Pompey. After the battle of Thapsus (46 B.C.) in which the followers of Pompey were finally defeated, Cato, who was then at Utica, committed suicide in order to avoid falling into the hands of Cæsar.

105-6. **so to prevent the time of life.** To anticipate or forestall the natural end of life, by taking one's life, as Cato did.

107. **to stay the providence of some high powers.** To await what the gods have provided.

QUESTIONS.

1. What indications are there in this scene, that Brutus has made still another mistake, in forcing battle with Antony and Octavius?

2. What light does this scene throw upon the character of Octavius?

3. "It is interesting to note that under the stress of a crisis such as the present, both Brutus and Cassius are ready to abandon the cherished doctrines of their philosophy." Explain.

SCENE II.

Brutus begins the battle. See the speech of Titinius, lines 5-8 of the following scene.

alarums. The sound of trumpets calling to battle.

1. bills. Written papers, probably containing orders.

SCENE III.

In the first battle, which has just taken place, Cassius has been defeated by Antony, and, believing that Titinius has been taken prisoner he takes his own life. But in so doing his last words are an admission that in the end the spirit of Cæsar has triumphed:

"Cæsar thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee."

Whatever we may have thought of the motives of Cassius while living, the dramatist leaves us in no doubt as to the estimation in which we should hold him, dead. Titinius pays the greatest tribute to his master in giving his own life as a mark of his devotion; and Brutus as he stands beside the bodies of Titinius and Cassius exclaims:

"Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow!"

2. I have become an enemy to my own troops. He refers to the fact that he had killed one of his own standard-bearers.

3. **ensign.** Standard-bearer.

21. **thick.** Dim.

regard. Watch.

23. **time is come round.** The circle has been completed.

25. **his compass.** Its circle.

37. **Parthia.** In Central Asia.

38. I made you promise, when I saved your life.

51. **change.** Exchange.

67. Misunderstandings and mistakes are often the result of despondency.

68. **apt.** Ready to believe the "things that are not."

69-71. A figurative way of saying that we readily fall into error, and suffer as a result.

88. **regarded.** Honoured.

89. **a Roman's part.** The thing that a Roman should do.

96. **proper.** Own, -used here to make the word *own*, which precedes, more emphatic.

104. **Thasos.** An island in the Ægean sea.

107. **young Cato.** A brother of Portia.

109-10. In reality the second battle of Philippi took place twenty days later.

QUESTIONS.

1. Messala speaks of "hateful error, melancholy's child." Show how these words apply to the action of Cassius in taking his own life.

2. Of what dramatic value is the death of Titinius in this scene?

3. When Brutus finds that Cassius and Titinius are dead, he says, "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!" What does he mean?

SCENE IV.

It is evident that the fortunes of the day are going against Brutus and his followers. But even though the battle has turned against them they have not lost courage. Young Cato dies fighting as his 'country's friend'; and Lucilius as he yields to the soldiers of Antony, poses as Brutus, in the hope that by sacrificing himself he may enable his master to escape, -so that even Antony is moved to say in admiration, "I had rather have such men my friends than enemies."

2. **what bastard doth not?** Who is so base-born as not to fight bravely?

11. This death is an honour to you, as the son of Cato.

12. **only I yield to die.** I yield only on condition that you kill me.

14. According to Plutarch, Lucilius, seeing that Brutus was in danger, made use of this stratagem in order to save the life of his master.

28-9. Plutarch states that "Lucilius ever afterward served him (Antony) faithfully even unto his death."

QUESTIONS.

1. What purpose has the dramatist in introducing the incident of young Cato's death into the story?

2. "Lucilius and Titinius occupy similar positions, and serve the same purpose in the latter half of the play." Explain.

SCENE V.

The conversation between Brutus and his friends only serves to show the affection in which he is held by his followers. Brutus has been defeated and he knows that his hour is come; but even in his defeat he feels that his life has not been a failure; and when he dies, even though the cause for which he stood is outwardly lost, yet even his enemies join in paying tribute to his virtues, and in treating him "with all respect and rites of burial."

2. With reference to this incident Plutarch says:—"Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle; and to know the truth of it, there was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp; and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torchlight was lift up as he had promised. . . . But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain."

23. **to the pit.** As in the case of animals driven by hunters.

29. **office.** Service, duty.

45. **of a good respect.** Well respected, of good reputation.

46. **smatch.** Taste. Another form of the word *smack*.

59. **Lucilius' saying.** See Scene IV., ll. 20-25.

60. **entertain.** Take into my service.

61. **bestow thy time.** Spend, or pass, thy time.

62. **prefer.** Recommend.

73. **the elements.** According to the old belief, all material things were composed of four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and in the human body these elements took the form of the four humours, — choler (fire), blood (air), phlegm (water), and melancholy (earth). A person's temperament or disposition, was supposed to depend upon the way in which these humours were "mixed" in the body.

76. **virtue.** Worth.

77. **burial.** The body of Brutus was cremated.

79. **ordered.** Disposed.

80. **the field.** The army on the field.

81. **part.** Share.

QUESTIONS.

1. Brutus speaks of the victory of Antony and Octavius as a "vile conquest." Why?

2. In his prophecy over the body of Cæsar in Act III., Antony had spoken of "Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge." How was his prophecy fulfilled?

3. We know that Brutus as leader of the conspirators made many mistakes. How then can you justify Antony's eulogy in lines 73-75?

4. It was in reality Antony who made the arrangements for the disposition of the body of Brutus. Why, then, does the dramatist represent Octavius as giving the final instructions, in lines 76-81?

SUMMARY OF ACT V.

Act V. opens with a parley between Brutus and Cassius, on the one hand, and Antony and Octavius, on the other. Then follow the battles of Philippi, with the deaths of Cassius and Brutus, and the play closes with the triumph of Antony and Octavius:

"So call the field to rest; and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day."

To outward appearances Brutus and Cassius have failed. All the conspirators except Brutus "did that they did in envy of great Cæsar," and even though Brutus "in a general honest thought and common good to all, made one of them," the events of the story show that he was fighting against the spirit of the times, which he did not understand. But even if Brutus and Cassius are defeated, we feel that the loyal friendship of Cassius and the ideals of Brutus become them better even in defeat, than the cold unsympathetic spirit of Octavius and the treacherous eloquence of Antony, and that Brutus is right when he prophesies that he

"Shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto."

Lofty ideals and noble purposes, even though they bring defeat in their train, are better than mere practical wisdom, even though it be followed by worldly success. Brutus, not Cæsar, Octavius, or Antony, is the real hero of the play.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION

1. The Procession, at the Feast of Lupercal:
(a) Going (b) Returning.
2. The Conversation of Brutus and Cassius (as described by some one who saw the meeting, the gestures, expressions, etc., but who could not hear what was said).
3. The Stormy Night in Rome.
4. Cassius and Cæsar (as each saw the other).
5. How Cassius persuaded Brutus and Casca to join the Conspiracy.
6. The Scene in Brutus' Orchard.
7. Lucius (as he appears throughout the play).
8. The Mistakes of Brutus.
9. Cicero (as seen in the play).
10. The story of the conspiracy as told by Brutus to Portia.
"Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart."
11. Decius and Cæsar.
"Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent."
12. Portia and Calpurnia (a comparison).
13. The Soothsayer.
14. Cæsar:
(a) In the swimming contest with Cassius.
(b) On the Lupercal (Casca's story).
(c) In his house.
(d) In the Senate house.
15. The Scenes in the Senate house (immediately before, and immediately after, the assassination).

16. "How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death."
17. The Scenes in the Forum:
 - (a) As Antony goes into the pulpit.
 - (b) As he descends from it.
18. The Roman Mob
19. The Speech of Cassius (as you imagine it might have been).
20. Street Scenes in Rome:
 - (a) The tribunes and the commoners.
 - (b) The procession to the Lupercal.
 - (c) The stormy night.
 - (d) In front of the Senate house.
 - (e) Antony with the body of Cæsar.
 - (f) Cinna and the mob
21. The Meeting of the Triumvirs.
22. The Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius.
23. The Scene in Brutus' Tent (after the departure of Cassius).
24. Antony. (Trace his movements throughout the play.)
25. The Decline in the Fortunes of Brutus and Cassius.
26. "If Brutus had refused to join the conspiracy ——."
27. The Battles of Philippi.
28. Brutus and Cæsar.
 - "I do fear the people choose Cæsar for their king."
 - "Yet I love him well."
 - "But alas! Cæsar must bleed for it!"
 - "I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus."
 - "O Julius Cæsar, Thou art mighty yet."
29. Titinius, Lucilius, and Messala.
30. The Deaths of Brutus and Cassius.
 - "It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us."

STAGING A PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE

The plays of Shakespeare were written to be acted, and they are much more effective when put upon the stage than when merely read in class. In some schools, where there is a large staff and a large number of students and a good auditorium, it is possible to stage a complete play; and even in the smaller schools individual scenes may be put on with very little outlay for costume or scenery.

The simplest form of dramatic production consists merely in reading or reciting single scenes from a play of Shakespeare before the class, without special costumes or scenery, during the lesson period; and an occasional period spent in this way is a pleasing variation from the routine of class work. But needless to say, before any attempt is made to act scenes from the play in this way, they must be studied in class. The teacher, in this case, assigns the parts beforehand; the pupils learn the speeches and study how they should be spoken, and one or two practices are held after school hours to make the acting run smoothly. Sometimes two casts are chosen for the same scene, and it is a matter of rivalry to see which group of actors can produce the scene more effectively.

In schools where the teacher and pupils decide to stage a play in whole or in part for public performance, some sort of dramatic organization is required. If there is a dramatic club in the school it will naturally take full charge of the production; but, if not, the teacher and class must take the first steps to arrange for the play.

The first thing to be done is to select the play, and if possible it should be one that has been studied in class. The dramatic production should be the outgrowth of class work, and the would-be actor must make a study of the characters, the development of the plot, the structure of the play and the purpose of each scene. He must have studied the play so thoroughly that he knows the exact meaning of every expression, and is able to interpret the feelings of the various speakers in the play.

In any dramatic organization, the most important person is the director or stage-manager of the play, who is usually also the "coach", who gives instruction to the actors. The director has full charge of the production of the play, the rehearsals, the scenery and stage effects, the costumes, etc., etc. He must, of course, be assisted by various committees, but he directs their work and his decisions are in all cases final. He should not only have some knowledge of how to stage a play, but should have certain indispensable personal qualities such as tact, good humour, executive ability and decision. It is desirable, for obvious reasons, that some member of the staff should be the director of the school play; but experience and knowledge of stage production is the first consideration. The director, of course, does not himself take part in the play.

Next to the director, or stage-manager, the most important member of the organization is the "prompter", who is usually assistant stage-manager. He must be thoroughly familiar with the play, and in addition to his general services, it is his duty to prompt the actors at rehearsals and on the night of the performance.

The manager is assisted by a committee of students, each with specific duties. Different students, or committees of students, are given charge of:—

- (a) The scenery, including the carpenter work and the curtain.
- (b) The lighting, and electrical devices.
- (c) The stage properties,—i.e. the furnishings and small articles—everything, in fact, except the costumes and scenery.
- (d) The costumes.
- (e) The music, including the orchestra.
- (f) The make-up.
- (g) The business details, advertising, printing, sale of tickets, ushers, etc.

It is necessary to guard against over-organization and over-lapping; and the director must use his discretion as to how many assistants are required.

In general, a play of Shakespeare is much too long for presentation on a modern stage, and even in single scenes certain parts may be cut out to advantage. The play must be studied carefully by the director, either with or without the class, in order to decide what scenes may be omitted and how the speeches may be shortened. As a result of this revision, an acting edition of the play is produced. It is better if possible, to give to each actor

a typewritten copy of his own part in the play, rather than have him rely on the text as a whole.

One of the first duties of the director is to choose a cast for the play, and in making the selection he may be assisted by a committee of two or three judges. At the "try-out," those who wish to take part in the play are required to read a scene, or part of a scene, which they have prepared. In assigning parts to different students, the judges must take into account (a) the voice,—its carrying power, tone, flexibility, etc. (b) ability of the actor to enter into the spirit of the play, to *feel* the part he acts, and (c) his physical suitability for the part. No student should accept a part in the play unless he can give an assurance that he will attend the rehearsals faithfully and punctually. There should be a definite understanding on this point before the cast is completed.

Usually at least twelve or fifteen rehearsals are required, that is about three a week for five or six weeks. The first two or three rehearsals are given over to blocking out the action. The actors read their parts, and the director gives instructions as to entrances, exits, movements, acting, and stage "business." At these rehearsals no attention is paid to the speaker's voice or expression, but the actors must become familiar with their positions and movements on the stage, and the same routine must be followed at subsequent rehearsals. After this preliminary work has been done, the play must be studied scene by scene and line by line for the purpose of securing the proper interpretation and expression. The first Act is rehearsed repeatedly before proceeding with the second. When the acting and the reading go hand in hand, the actors learn their lines with

little effort, and at the end of the first week, Act I should be letter-perfect. It is not always necessary to have the full cast present at the rehearsals, for single speeches and single scenes may sometimes be rehearsed to better advantage when only those immediately concerned are present. During the week immediately preceding the final performance, rehearsals are held every evening, and the "dress" rehearsals on the last two or three evenings should be held in the hall or theatre where the play is to be acted.

It is impossible within the limits of a few pages, to give detailed instructions regarding staging and acting; but there are one or two general directions which it is well for the actors to keep in mind:

For those who are taking part in the play the all-important thing is that they should *feel* the parts that they are acting. The actor who loses himself in his part is scarcely conscious of his audience, and he has no temptation to declaim. He speaks naturally, usually in a conversational tone, and he gives free expression to his emotions. "Did you see Kean in Othello?" some one asked Kemble. "No," replied Kemble, "I did not see Mr. Kean. I saw Othello." The student who enters so completely into the play that he forgets himself in the part that he is acting is likely, on the whole, to prove a better actor than the student who merely recites his lines. His speech is less hurried; his acting is more natural; he does not make unnecessary movements, and he does not let his eyes wander from the stage to the audience. He must, however, always bear in mind that his speech must be heard by the audience. This necessitates clear enunciation and proper voice-control; and

the actor must always occupy a position on the stage that will enable the audience to hear him.

On the mechanical side, in staging a play it is safer for the amateur to err on the side of simplicity rather than make his production too elaborate. The scenery and the stage-furnishings should be of the simplest. Most of the text-books on dramatics give directions for making stage settings of plain and cheap materials. In modern play-production, footlights and spotlights are sparingly used, and the stage is lighted from the wings and from above. Most amateur producers are troubled as to "make-up"; but for most plays very little make-up is required,—only enough to prevent the face from appearing too pale. But for these and all other details relating to the staging of the play, the stage-manager may be relied upon, and there are many books on dramatics which may be consulted by the amateur.

The following are a few of the well-known books on the subject:

Shakespeare for Community Players by Roy Mitchell.
J. M. Dent and Sons, Toronto.

Practical Stage-Directing for Amateurs, by Emerson Taylor. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

How to Produce Amateur Plays, by Barrett H. Clark.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Producing in Little Theatres, by Clarence Stratton.
Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants, by O. L. Hatcher. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Play Production for Amateurs, by F. H. Koch. University of North Carolina Extension Bulletin.

